The Outlook

NOVEMBER 28, 1923

)OTBALL AND FOOTBALL FANS

LAST week The Outlook published a brief editorial giving the records of some of the leading footall teams in the country. We were judicious enough to add that "all of iese teams, with the exception of ale and Cornell, have been tied or feated in at least one game." We ere cautious enough to add:

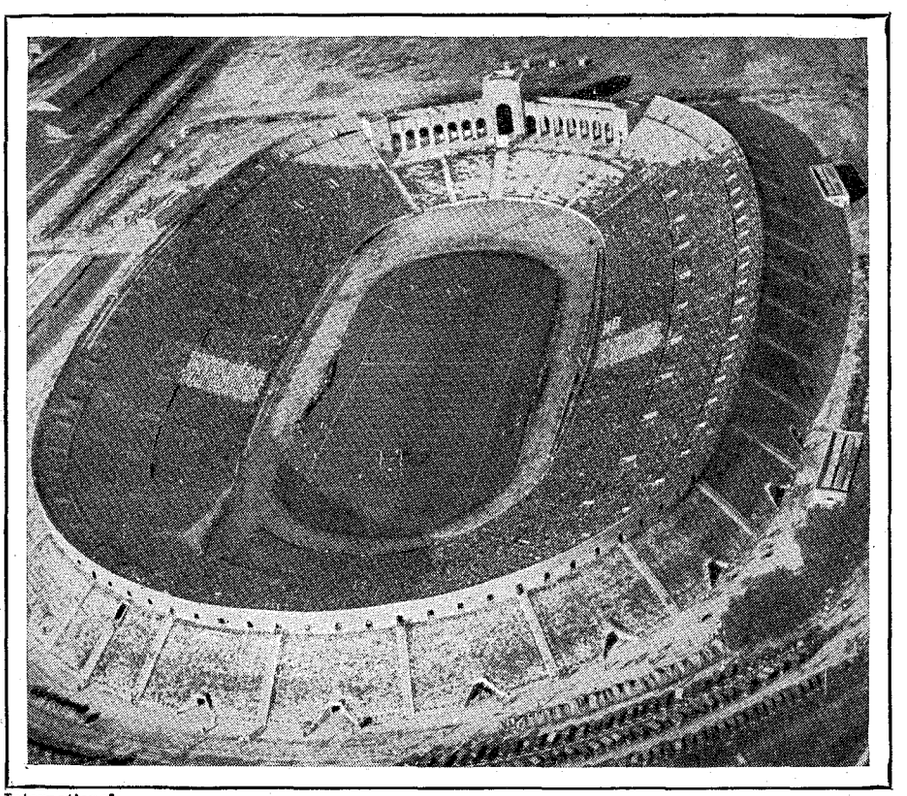
> Undoubtedly there are other colleges which we have not mentioned which have had equally good records, and we expect to receive any number of indignant letters from their graduates in the next mail after this statement appears in print. We will unless the genus football fan has undergone a marked transformation since last season.

An early copy of last week's issue The Outlook reached the Rev. De itt B. Thompson, of Auburn, New ork, on the 16th of November. Apirently he immediately abandoned e preparation of his Sunday sermon write us the following letter:

> I desire to call your attention to the fact that, as usual, you have not been fair to Syracuse University in your article on "The Half-Way Mark of the Football Season." You fail to note that it, too, has not been defeated this season and has the unique distinction of not having its goal line crossed—a fact which no other team can boast, not even Harvard. Syracuse can send a team over the seas—not football—that wins championship honors, but no mention of it is made in The Outlook. Suppose it had been Harvard?
>
> I have been a reader of The Outlook for several years, but you may discontinue sending it on January 1.

The Outlook was wrong and the inister was right when he wrote the tter. Before the shades of another ay had fallen, however, Colgate took ie splendid Syracuse team into camp y the score of 16 to 7. We do not aim to be prophets; it was editorial ick, and not second sight, which led s to make the statement which was stified by events which took place fter our editorial was written and efore it reached the large majority of ur subscribers.

One of the puzzles of editorial work the fact that so many readers take e ground that an ordinary, garden ariety of human error is conclusively



International

THE VAST CROWD THAT WITNESSED THE FOOTBALL GAME BETWEEN THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AND THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IN THE LOS ANGELES STADIUM

the result of deliberate and malign purpose. The puzzle is doubly difficult to solve whenever it appears upon ministerial stationery.

To avoid any further difficulties with the genus football fan we beg to announce without comment that the accompanying picture shows the crowd gathering at the game between the University of California and the University of Southern California. The score appears to have been, on creditable report, 13 to 7 in favor of California. There does not seem to be any chance of losing subscribers by the publication of this somewhat bald statement. We would also mention the fact that Yale overwhelmed Princeton by the score of 27 to 0 if we did not have so many Princeton graduates on our subscription list. This game marked fifty years of football relations between these two universities.

THE CONVICTION OF GOVERNOR WALTON

THE Senate of Oklahoma, sitting as a court of impeachment, after listening to the twenty-two counts or charges brought against Governor J. C. Walton by the committee of the lower house, on November 19 found Governor Walton guilty on eleven out of the twenty-two counts of the indictment; on five charges the vote was in Walton's favor. Meantime Governor Walton has asked a United States Court to intervene. A conviction on any one count requires a two-thirds vote of the Senate; the negative result in the five cases indicates only that the vote against Walton was less than two-thirds—for instance, in the charge of corruption in connection with the purchase of a house the vote was 23 for conviction and 18 for acquittal.

The charges on which the impeachment was carried through were for abuse of the Governor's pardon and parole power, the padding of pay-rolls, the placing of his private chauffeur on a State pay-roll, illegal suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, and illegal interferences with the grand jury and with elections.

Those who have followed Mr. Stanley Frost's articles in this journal on the Oklahoma situation, based on a study of the facts on the spot, will realize that this impeachment of the

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Governor of Oklahoma has turned out to be a matter quite outside the limits of any controversy about the Ku Klux Klan. The impression at a distance was at first that the Governor was fighting the Ku Klux Klan. Soon it became evident that a very large body of citizens of the State who had no connection with the Klan were convinced that the administration of Governor Walton had been corrupt and that the honor and reputation of the people of Oklahoma were involved. Even though it may be acknowledged that some of those who have sat in judgment have not themselves been free from blame, the result of the impeachment trial vindicates this attitude.

ROBBERY AND MURDER

A GOVERNMENT that fails to protect life and property fails in its primary, its most elementary, purpose. The protection of liberty is secondary to the protection of life, and is impossible where there is no adequate protection of property. No people can be free who are at the mercy of the robber and the murderer.

Very recently there has been new evidence of radical weakness in certain forms of American government. That evidence has been produced by a series of robberies, in some cases accompanied with murder. One of the most outrageous of these assaults occurred in the Borough of Brooklyn in the City of New York on November 14, when hold-up men on the stairway of an elevated railway shot down in cold blood two bank messengers, despoiling them of over $43,000 which had been intrusted to them for conveyance. The next day two men with weapons compelled bank messengers to give up money in a car in the heart of New York City—at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street; another hold-up man with a revolver robbed two men in a grocery store in the lower part of the city; and that same evening four men robbed the proprietor and two customers in a drug-store on upper Madison Avenue. The next day burglars smashed a show window at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street and carried off $40,000 worth of furs. Other robberies were occurring in other parts of the country. In Kansas City masked men held up two bank messengers and escaped with $20,000. In Collinsville, Illinois, three men held up two clerks of a coal company and escaped with $14,000 intended for wages. In Harrisburg, Illinois, men robbed a State bank of $79,000.

America's bad pre-eminence in crimes of violence is a reflection upon American government.

The New York Commissioner of Police, in spite of the outbreak of violence in New York, takes a vacation at the very time when it is necessary to call upon the police reserves.

It is not sufficient to accuse banking and commercial concerns of carelessness in the transmission of money and to require them to safeguard their messengers. In a civilized community it ought not to be necessary to surround the ordinary transactions of business with the circumstance of border warfare. It is the business of the police so to control the criminal element that they will not have the opportunity to commit crime with impunity. Municipal police forces in America seem to tend to corruption. So far State police troops seem to have a much finer record in proportion to their numbers and their resources. One reason is that the State police in most States have been kept out of politics. Governor Smith, of New York, has now the task of appointing a new head of the State Police Force, and in performing that task his chief duty is to protect the State police from politics.

The community has the duty of providing, moreover, the kind of education and the kind of restraint that will reduce to a minimum the number of recruits for the criminal classes.

Americans ought to do something to un-Chinafy their country.

COLONEL FORBES AND THE VETERANS' BUREAU

THE investigation of the Veterans' Bureau by a special committee of the Senate reached its culmination with the testimony of Brigadier-General Sawyer, personal physician to President Harding and for a time chief co-ordinator of hospital supplies, and of Colonel Forbes, the former director of the Bureau. General Sawyer corroborated some of the statements of other witnesses, made some additional charges on his own account, and said that the resignation of Colonel Forbes was demanded by President Harding. Colonel Forbes's testimony was, to use his own words, "a general, sweeping, and absolute denial of every charge, statement, innuendo, and insinuation which in any manner whatever reflects on the honesty and integrity of my official or personal conduct." He gave the l direct to statements of a number c witnesses, including General Sawye and said that the whole trouble wa due to "Sawyer and politics."

General Sawyer testified that h was told by the Surgeon-General c the Public Health Service that sup plies at Perryville were being sol without regard to the needs of th service. He had an unsatisfactor conference with Colonel Forbes, aft which he was directed by Presider Harding to go to Perryville and se what was going on. He found larg quantities of supplies being loade into trucks and requested the offic in charge, Lieutenant-Commande Charles R. O'Leary, to have them un loaded, and received a promise fro him that no more supplies would b removed. Returning to Washingto General Sawyer told President Har ding that supplies which were badl needed were being disposed of. Th President instructed him to have a movements of supplies stopped until previous Executive Order had bee complied with. This Order, whic General Sawyer said had been com pletely disregarded, was that twent per cent of all supplies should be re garded as the property of the Publi Health Service and that the remainin eighty per cent, the property of th Veterans' Bureau, could be disposed o only by a committee of three me representing the Bureau of th Budget, the Veterans' Bureau, and th Public Health Service.

Carrying out the instructions of th President, General Sawyer said tha he had two conferences with Colon Forbes, who signed a written agree ment that no further shipments woul be made until the letter of the orde had been complied with. Three week later word came to him that supplie were still being shipped. As a fact General Sawyer said, 126 car-load had been forwarded to a single firm Included in these shipments were 84,000 new sheets sold at 20¼ cent each, though at the same time the Vet erans' Bureau was buying sheets o no better quality at $1.03 each. Some thing over a million new towels also were included, according to Genera Sawyer and other witnesses. The President, according to General Saw yer, then called Colonel Forbes before him and gave instructions that noth ing else must go out of the Perryvill hospital. Despite this, said Genera Sawyer, other car-loads did go out and "as the result of this insubordina

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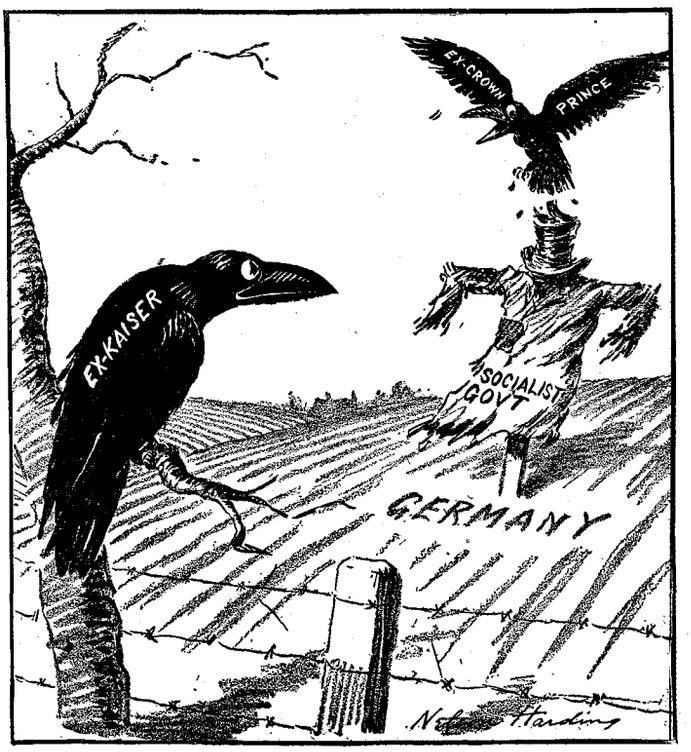
BEING A WATCH, BUT BEING WATCHED

(Love's Labor's Lost, Act III, Scene 1)

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



"IT'S ONLY A SCARECROW, PAPA!"

From Augusta Comstock, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

"SINCE NOBODY'S LOOKING—"

From Anne S. Eissler, Philadelphia, Pa.

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

WHAT'S WHAT?

From Alice G. Boyden, St. Louis, Mo.

Ireland in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch

FIVE YEARS, AND THE GAME NOT SETTLED YET

From Austin Thatcher, Columbus, Ohio

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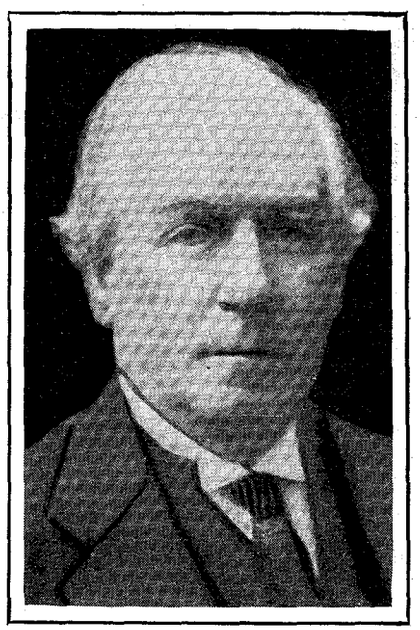
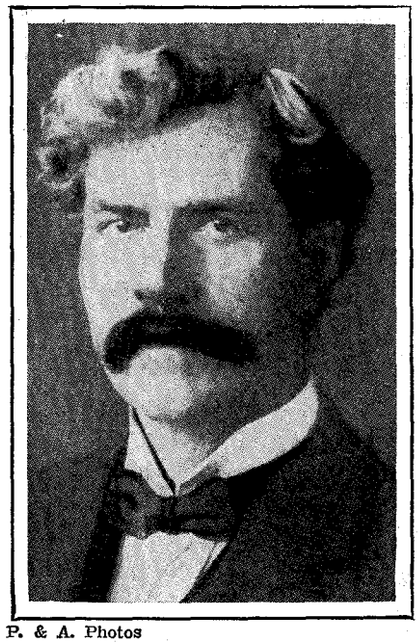


Bain

HERBERT H. ASQUITH

(C) Keystone

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN



P. & A. Photos

RAMSAY MACDONALD

tion" President Harding called for the resignation of Colonel Forbes.

WHAT COLONEL FORBES THINKS OF GENERAL SAWYER

COLONEL FORBES not only denied every material statement made by General Sawyer, but charged a conspiracy to bring about his destruction by means of perjury and suppression of material facts and documents. He declared that General O'Ryan, counsel for the committee, was a party to the conspiracy. Colonel Forbes said that, almost at the beginning of his service, he incurred the enmity of General Sawyer by opposing his plan for hospitalization of veterans in old cantonment buildings and for appointing homeopathic physicians to important places. He declared that he accepted the position of director with grave misgivings and that his predecessor, the late Colonel Cholmeley-Jones, told him that no man could make a success of it. This, said Colonel Forbes, he soon found to be true.

Colonel Forbes declared that he wished to resign as early as the summer of 1922, and by October of that year it became apparent that the constant interference of General Sawyer would make it impossible for him to continue in the position. He had told the President that he was going to resign, he said, long before the order referred to by General Sawyer was issued. At length he did resign in order to relieve the President of the embarrassment of choosing between him and General Sawyer. Many specific incidents of General Sawyer's alleged interference were given, including the breaking up of scientific conferences and forcing the reinstatement of doctors dismissed for incompetency.

Colonel Forbes denied, one after another, the charges of other witnesses and concluded his testimony by accusing General O'Ryan with browbeating witnesses into testifying falsely and with suppressing evidence that would have shown Colonel Forbes in a favorable light.

General O'Ryan had previously asserted that papers needed in the investigation were withheld by employees of the Veterans' Bureau, despite every effort of Director Hines to furnish them. In a formal statement General O'Ryan declared that neither the committee nor its counsel has any mission to prosecute an individual, and that the larger part of its mission is not to hunt graft but to recommend changes in the Bureau and to suggest legislation for the relief of the disabled, with the least possible delay. The committee has held many private sessions, he said, for consideration of matters directly affecting the welfare of disabled veterans. The committee, he said, has developed a picture of extraordinary waste and dishonesty at the expense of the Government and of disabled veterans. He regarded as more important than this, however, the necessity of impressing on the public an understanding of what is needed.

In view of this testimony, Stanley Frost's articles in The Outlook on the Veterans' Bureau seem to have erred on the side of conservatism and generosity!

THE ENGLISH POLITICAL CRISIS

FOR plunging Britain into a general election when the Entente with France is threatened, Stanley Baldwin, the British Prime Minister, has been sharply criticised. In the House of Commons he has had a safe majority on all the usual issues. That majority was won by Andrew Bonar Law last year on the understanding that as Conservative he would be content to carry on. If Mr. Baldwin had been left to himself, this marking time would have been his policy, but he was the nominee of the Die-Hards or militant Tories, who have driven him to his present decision. Six months ago Baldwin was the sky-rocket in British affairs. It is impossible to say that up to the present he has made good. No real leader is stampeded by his followers.

The first shock to Mr. Baldwin's prestige was administered by Poincaré. Whether Bonar Law's treatment of France was right or wrong, it was at least consistent. Over the Ruhr he agreed with Poincaré to differ. France marched and Britain watched. To this decision Baldwin was a party, and his first error or inconsistency was to attack Poincaré for doing that in which, a few months earlier, Britain had acquiesced. Lloyd George holds no brief for France, but he has pointed out that, having been allowed to enter the Ruhr, France could not withdraw without an actual payment of reparations by Germany.

Then came Italy's seizure of Corfu, in the resistance to which Britain needed French help. Already criticised by pro-French Ministers in his

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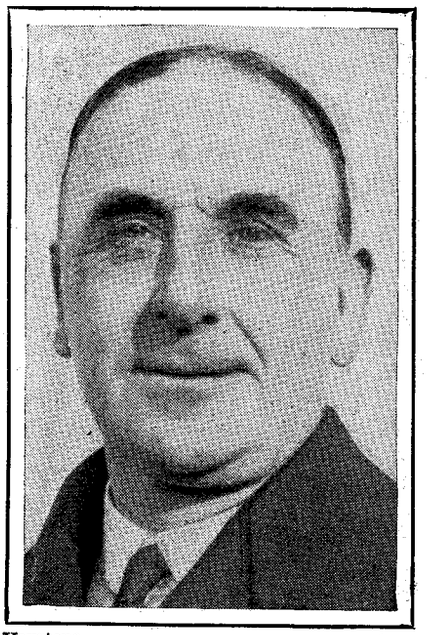

Keystone

SIR ROBERT HORNE

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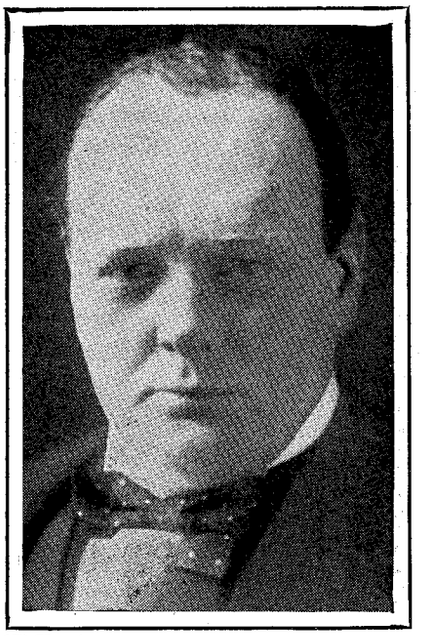
STANLEY BALDWIN



(C) Keystone

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

Cabinet and by certain pro-French newspapers, Mr. Baldwin hurried to Paris and surrendered to Poincaré, who, so to speak, received Curzon's head on a charger. This vacillation humiliated Britain and her Dominions, then meeting in Imperial Conference. The whole world wondered at the vigorous criticism of Baldwin by General Smuts. Everything could be pardoned except weakness.

In the meantime Asquith had won back the ear of the Commons. Ramsay Macdonald was active as leader of the Laborites. And by an incomparable pen Winston Churchill rehabilitated his career, too drastically condemned, and vindicated himself at the bar of history. Last but not least, Lloyd George was receiving an unmistakable ovation in the United States and in Canada. Against this brilliant galaxy of political talent, the Government which excluded Conservatives like Austen Chamberlain, Birkenhead, Balfour, and Robert Horne, and was not allowed to admit McKenna, the banker and Free-Trade Liberal, could offer only the commonplace.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND TARIFF

With winter drawing on, the unemployed, all told, were at least two million in number. The European market was still disorganized. Mr. Baldwin was persuaded, therefore, to propose a tariff. Admittedly he had no scheme ready. All he asks is that a pledge against a tariff given by Bonar Law last year be canceled. He demands from the electors a free hand, and on this issue he appeals to the country. On the wisdom of the appeal his Cabinet is known to be divided. Representing Lancashire and cotton, Lord Derby dissents, and so do Lord Salisbury and his brother, Lord Robert Cecil, who has now received a peerage, and so leaves the House of Commons and a constituency where as a free-trader he would have to defend protection.

Confronted by these perplexities, Mr. Baldwin has had to promise that his tariff would not include food and, presumably, raw materials like wool and cotton. This cuts out the farmers at home and the Dominions abroad; for, as Joseph Chamberlain recognized twenty years ago, there can be no scheme of Imperial preference unless Great Britain taxes food. Through subsidies for agriculture and cotton growing within the Empire, Mr. Baldwin hopes to make good the above omissions from his schedule, which thus stands or falls on the question whether a tariff on manufactures will create a home market sufficient to provide work for the idle.

The case for protection, thus limited, is that, with European currencies at a heavy discount, European imports can flood the British market. And already there is an act that extends protection to industries specially menaced. Free-traders allege that this act has been a failure, that the new tariff could not affect the industrial situation for at least a year, and that it would actually hinder the industries most depressed, namely, cotton, steel, and shipping, which depend not on the home market but on export.

Be that as it may, the fiscal challenge has at once united the Liberals under Asquith, Lloyd George, and Churchill, and drawn from Labor also a manifesto in favor of free trade. The situation seems at first like that in 1905 when Liberals and Labor won a victory over protective Toryism. It must be remembered, however, that the protection then defeated included taxes on food and that the split between Liberals and Labor was less acute. To-day the free-trade camp is divided, and the Conservative vote is united. Unless Liberalism and Labor come to terms, numbers of seats will be thrown away. On the other hand, if Baldwin comes back with a small majority in the House of Commons, representing a decisive minority in the nation, it is hard to see how he can hope to push through so contentious a proposal as a tariff without another election before long.

On the free-trade side there has arisen the question whether Labor and Liberalism can possibly form a Government by fusion. Lloyd George is ready to serve under Asquith. Would Lloyd George and Asquith be ready to serve under Ramsay Macdonald? Between these leaders there could be a compromise to-morrow if their followers could be brought into line. With Asquith as Lord Chancellor, Lloyd George as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Macdonald as Prime Minister, a new era would open in British history. There would be a return to strict free trade, a small levy on capital, and nationalization confined to railways which are already consolidated into what is virtually a single non-competitive system.

But all this is decidedly conjec-

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tural. Never was the electorate in Britain so uncertain as it is to-day. Nearly half the voters have not as yet been to the poll at all. And nearly half are women, many of whom are affiliated with no party.

THE NEWCASTLE CASE

THOUGH Washington has as yet no official knowledge of it, a satisfactory solution of the Newcastle consular tangle is said to have been worked out by Ambassador Harvey during the last days of his service in London. Until Colonel Harvey arrives in Washington and places the facts before President Coolidge the State Department will not communicate any information that it may have received unofficially as to the details of settlement. It is, however, apparently accepted as a fact that a satisfactory basis of settlement has been found and that the American consulate at Newcastle-on-Tyne, closed for the better part of the past year, will be shortly reopened.

The trouble began something over a year ago when British authorities charged that Consul Bucks and his assistant at Newcastle were discriminating against British shipping and refusing to visé passports of British subjects except on condition that they book passage on American ships. The reply of the State Department was that the consulate would be temporarily closed until an investigation could be made. The investigation, when made, did not substantiate the British claims. Two other sets of investigators, one after the other, inquired into the facts, with the same result. The State Department reached the conclusion that the charges were made on insufficient evidence and asked the British Government to withdraw allegations reflecting on the integrity of two American consular officers who, upon investigation, had been found blameless. No reply was received from the British Government. After a length of time, the Newcastle consulate was closed and Consul Bucks and his assistant were assigned to other countries. The position of the State Department was that, since both Bucks and his assistant were unwelcome and no other consular officers were available for the post, there remained nothing to do except to close the consulate. Presumably, it was to remain closed until the charges against the officials were withdrawn.

The inconvenience resulting from the closing of the consulate is said to have fallen mainly upon British and hardly at all upon American shipping. Clearance papers for ships out of Newcastle were required to be sent to Hull for approval. Some delay in sailings resulted. As a fact, no serious loss was caused to any interest.

The situation has been one that, under a different set of circumstances, might have been exceedingly serious. Between nations on other than the best of terms such an incident might easily have led to hazardous complications. The relationships between the United States and Great Britain were such that, though the two Governments were very earnest in their opposite attitudes, no tremendous significance was popularly attached to the incident. There must come, however, a decided feeling of relief that Colonel Harvey has apparently found a basis of settlement not only amicable but, we hope, also just.

HELPING GERMANY

DESPATCHES from Europe during the week ending November 20 indicate that there is nothing like adequate supervision of Germany's military resources and growing military power. The Allied military supervision of the German Reich, which was one of the essentials which all the Allies were agreed upon as necessary for the security of Europe, seems clearly to have become feeble. Apparently the British Government is very reluctant to take any measures to make the German Government acquiesce in the resumption of the actual authority of the Military Inter-Allied Commission of Control, and is likewise reluctant to take any measures to compel Germany to turn the former Crown Prince out of the Fatherland. In this Britain is supported by Italy and Japan. In order to preserve the Entente the French Government has yielded in its demands for a course of compulsion.

This apparently is the result of the meeting of the Council of Ambassadors at the beginning of last week.

In consequence Poincaré has lost prestige in his own country. The chief beneficiaries of loss of power on the part of Poincaré would not be any group more lenient to Germany than Poincaré; on the contrary, it would be the followers of Clemenceau, whose chief spokesman is Tardieu, who calls the Poincaré Government a "note factory."

The British view is that the Stresemann Government in Germany has not sufficient authority in Germany to guarantee protection to Allied officers.

The effect upon Germany is of course encouraging to a policy of resistance and evasion.

Several days before the Ambassadors met, the Bavarian dictator, von Kahr, ordered the display of the old German Imperial flag; and the Central Government at Berlin a few hours later let it be known that it planned to set the Ruhr and Rhineland adrift and disclaim all responsibility for what might happen there. In the face of these evidences of German defiance, the Council of Allied Ambassadors, with France wholly and Belgium partly dissenting, let Germany know that she would not be called to account. So apparently Germany is free to pile up her armaments, wave the old Imperial flag, and refuse to do what by treaty she is bound to do.

BRITAIN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD GERMANY

AT first there were reports that the British Government was much disturbed by the return of the Crown Prince and the threatened return of the Kaiser, and was willing to entertain the thought of occupying a German city to prevent military activity on Germany's part. Later reports indicate that either the first reports were inaccurate, to say the least, or that the British Government changed its mind. At any rate, Britain's policy seems to be to encourage the restoration of Germany as a political power in Europe. Obviously the reason for this is twofold. On the one hand, the British Government desires something in Europe to offset the growth of the power of France. In the second place, the British Government seems to believe that political power in Germany is necessary for the restoration of Germany's industrial power, and therefore of Germany as a customer of Britain. Evidently those in power in Britain do not fear Germany as a competitor as much as they feel the need of her as a purchaser of British goods. They argue that before the war Germany and Britain were more dependent on each other's market than either of them was dependent upon any third market, except possibly Austria-Hungary in the case of Germany; and that a busy and rich Germany would bring Britain more trade than competition. So those in power in Britain are looking philosophically upon the enormous power exercised in Germany by the German industrialists like Stinnes, and are comparatively indifferent, if not hostile, to the desire

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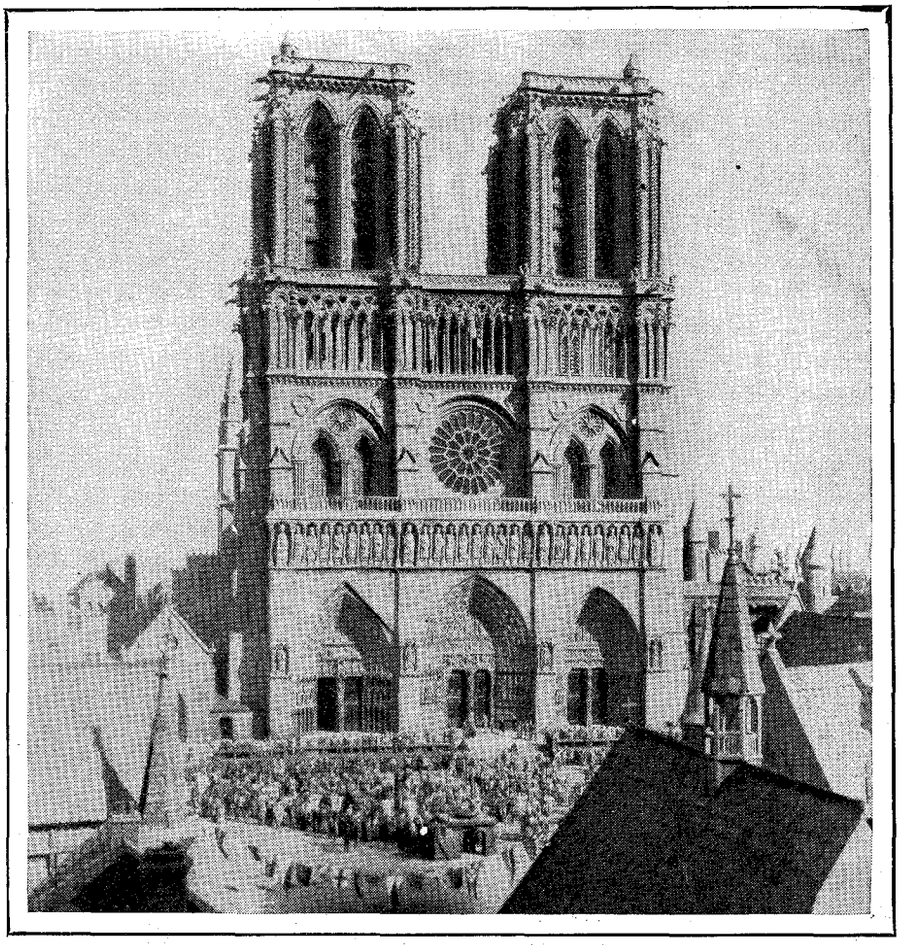
of France for the restoration of her ruins.

There are British, however, who take quite a different view. The London "Daily Mail" attacks vigorously the policy of the British Government, charging it with giving Germany "the greatest assistance in her plan for cheating the Allies." It specifies, for example, the action of the British Government in permitting German property to be transmitted to Great Britain outside the reach of France. The "Daily Mail" sees "no half-way house" between Anglo-French friendship and Anglo-French antagonism. It sees danger in the underselling of British goods "by German goods produced in a state which has wiped out its taxes and debts by a shameful fraud;" and sees only a provocation to fresh wars in a course that would enable the aggressor to "escape the consequences of his enormous wrong" and would require that the "innocent, who defended themselves, should be ruined." The Duke of Northumberland is one of the outspoken critics of the British Government. In a recent speech, for example, he vigorously denied that "the cause of morality and Christianity would be served by taking the side of the fraudulent debtor." In no other country and by no other people has British policy concerning France and Germany been so scathingly denounced as in Britain by Britons.



A COPY OF THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME AS CONSTRUCTED ON AMERICAN SOIL FOR "THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME." MEDIÆVAL, NOT MODERN, SURROUNDINGS ARE REPRESENTED

VICTOR HUGO IN THE MOVIES

THE screen version of Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris" recently seen in New York is noteworthy for painstaking and for the lavish expenditure with which the Paris of the time of Louis XI is reproduced. Not alone are the costumes, fashions, arms, ancient streets, and sodden dens of poverty pictured to the eye in detail, but to the mind is fairly presented the spirit of Hugo's terrible indictment of the old régime—cruelty, lust, the immeasurable contempt of the powerful for the weak, and yet the survival here and there of ideals of devotion and honor. Hugo here, as in his moving play "Le roi s'amuse," meant to stir the France of his day against the class tyranny of the past and to urge the people toward democracy.

The play has remarkable effects as a spectacle, such as that of the swarming of the thieves, beggars, gypsies, and starving masses out of their lairs to attack the Cathedral.

Dramatically it is put together logically, the "continuity" is there, and the audience never slackens in its intent interest. But the tragedy of the original has been tamed down and the seraphic happy closing picture of Esmeralda and her now quite moral lover, Captain Phœbus, cannot but bring smiles from those who recall the grim and grisly final pages of the book. It is not a criticism of any screen play made from a novel to say that it differs from the story; it is usually necessary to alter and add, and sometimes the construction of the "movie" may even be an improvement over the novel. But to turn a tragedy of cruelty and horror into a smirking "close up" as a happy ending is false perspective.

In one respect at least the acting is marvelously faithful. Lon Chaney's Quasimodo tries one's nerves in its hideousness, but it fits in the last particular Hugo's own description of the hunchback's appearance. A notably fine piece of acting, the best in the performance, we venture to say, is that of Ernest Torrence as Clopin, chief of the underworld of Paris, for it is a triumph in its facial expression, pose, and in movement fitted to the action of the instant, not a matter of make-up and fantastic gymnastics, as with the hunchback.

There has been much critical complaint of late of the thinness and banality of screen plays that aspire to be something more than comic or sentimental. "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," despite some definite shortcomings, is a genuine effort to handle a big theme in a strong way.

FAITH OR CREED?

WE are at the beginning of great days. All the signs of the times point to the coming of a renaissance. The very forebodings which are fashionable in some quarters are the result of the breaking down of old conventions and cherished obstacles to enlightenment. The pessimists are the disillusioned. They are therefore among the proclaimers of the growing light; for one of the tokens of departing night is the awakening to a vivid memory of false, if alluring, dreams. The younger generation is expectant, ready for the new knowledge, new power, and new life. Knowledge has widened beyond limits dreamed of by men still living. Power, command over the forces of nature, has developed beyond the fancies of the magician. Life was never

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so abundant. Weariness in the thought of this expanding knowledge, enlarging power, abounding life, is natural to those who have grown old without renewing their youth; but it is not characteristic of those who have been born into these days. Whoever knows no other world than that of to-day, or, knowing an older world, has taken pains to be born anew, must see in these times the promise of a reawakening comparable to that of Europe in the fifteenth century. We of to-day should be preparing ourselves and our children for a renewal of knowledge, a revival of true learning, a reawakening of the appreciation of beauty, and the reformation of life.

In this coming renaissance the Church will certainly preserve all that is worth preserving; but will it be a guide to those who are in search of new knowledge, power, and life? In the earlier renaissance the Church, like the Empire, figured as one of the objects against which the minds of men revolted. How is it figuring to-day?

A few days ago the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, meeting in Dallas, Texas, placed on record a reaffirmation of what they understand to be the literal interpretation of the Apostles' Creed. In their pronouncement they say: "Objections to the doctrine of the Virgin birth or to the bodily resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ are not only contrary to the Christian tradition but have been plainly dealt with by the best scholarship of the day." The bishops regard the Apostles' Creed, not as a testimony to faith, but as a test of sound doctrine, and require of every deacon, priest, or bishop of the Church the teaching of their interpretation of the Creed.

In order to avoid as much as possible any misunderstanding of their purpose the bishops adopted a supplementary resolution, it is reported, in which they made plain that they adopted their pronouncement in order to disapprove the recent statements of Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts. Among Bishop Lawrence's statements is one in a recent book of his (we take this passage as quoted in an editorial in the "Churchman") as follows: "It is now well recognized that scholars are divided upon the question of the Virgin birth, as to whether the stronger evidence leads to the confirmation of this as a fact or whether it is a tradition that must be re-examined. . . . With the conservatism of my nature I have always acceded to the tradition, with a mind open to further light. Some thirty years ago, however, I was convinced that there was no essential connection between the belief in the Virgin birth and a belief in the Incarnation."

It is therefore clear that what the bishops of the Episcopal Church insist upon is the acceptance as a fact of a biological theory. They are not insisting upon spiritual truth—the Incarnation, the filling of human life full of the spirit of God—but a theory in physiology as an indispensable basis for that truth. Concerning this theory, which Jesus himself never once even indirectly refers to and which Paul, the greatest missionary in the history of the Church, takes no account of and which is unsupported by any evidence in science, the bishops of the Episcopal Church declare that no teacher under their authority shall even be open-minded.

If the Church in these days of expanding knowledge, power, and life undertakes to compete with men of science in the teaching of scientific facts, it will certainly lose its hold upon those who are looking for new life, new power, and new knowledge. And if it does so, it will turn away from its true function.

In these days men have outgrown the adolescent atheistic age. They know themselves to be in the presence of a Power beyond their understanding. It is one thing, however, to acknowledge the existence of this universal Power; it is quite another to trust that Power as One who lives with men and imparts to men his own character and offers himself to them if they will receive him. The Church's distinctive function is to lead men to trust this High and Mighty Ruler of the Universe as children trust a good father and to show them how to let him direct their lives.

When the Church tries to teach men biology, it will fail. When it substitutes something else for faith in the Creator as One who enters man's spirit, it turns men, not towards God, but away from him.

This indeed is the very substance and meaning of the Apostles' Creed itself. At a time when men argued that the absolute God, the Father of spirits, could have no connection with material things, and therefore could not be the creator of the world, the Apostles' Creed replied: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth." At a time when men declared that God was so far removed from mundane things that his spirit could not enter into man's flesh but had to be manifest in a kind o emanation, the Apostles' Creed added "And in Jesus Christ his only Son ou Lord"—not a vague emanation, bu the Man of Nazareth, whose life w know, the one who was born of Mary suffered under Pilate, the Roman, an was crucified and died, and was buried and rose again. God, the Creator, i not only our Father, but he has re vealed himself in the human life tha we know about and can identify by accounts that have come down to us and through that life has brought hope and strength to mankind.

What matters it whether in those days men were accustomed to believe strange things which science to-day certainly questions and, to the satisfaction of many men, disproves? What matters it whether the terms in which that great faith was expressed make certain irrelevant assumptions which men to-day doubt? The truth of an ever-present God who has shown himself in human life remains. If the Apostles' Creed is worth preserving, it is not as a treatise in physiology, but as a symbol of the steadfast faith in such a God and such a Redeemer. If it is ever to be destroyed and cast aside, it will be because leaders who do not understand how to lead take the irrelevant, the subsidiary in it, and put it into first place, forgetting the truth to which it has been an age-long witness.

A CANDIDACY AND AN ISSUE

EX-SECRETARY McADOO has, in popular political parlance, thrown his hat into the ring of the Presidential candidacy; Secretary Mellon has thrown an issue into the coming campaign. Discussion of the issue just at present has quite overlaid discussion of the candidacy.

The public response to Secretary Mellon's logical statement has been remarkable. Voters are normally pleased with a proposal to cut high taxes. It is not hard to convince any one that a prospective surplus of nearly $400,000,000, if the Budget is made on the present tax basis, should prompt and justify a substantial reduction in an income tax based on war conditions. The general approval of the idea of tax reduction has evidently lessened the belief of the political prophets, so common a few weeks ago, that a bonus bill is sure to go through the new Congress.

Secretary Mellon is very positive

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that the country cannot have the bonus and the tax reduction also. Ex-Secretary McAdoo, not to be outdone in keeping up the debate over the issue raised by Secretary Mellon, attempts the bold course of declaring himself in favor of both tax reduction and bonus. His plan would be to spread the payment of the bonus over fifty years and to treat it through some form of sinking fund. This offhand proposal to finance a bonus of at least $4,000,000,000 has been described by Senator Smoot as a "nice political way," and Senator Smoot further pictures Mr. McAdoo as saying to himself: "I won't be running for the Presidency when the bonds come due; let unborn children pay for it."

But can the bonus be taken care of by Mr. McAdoo's plan? Secretary Mellon promptly answers, No. The interest on $4,000,000,000 at the rate of 4 per cent would amount to $160,000,000 a year; if the bonus costs $5,000,000,000, the interest would be $200,000,000. To this should be added a fairly large sum to be provided yearly in order to carry on the sinking fund plan. This would leave a comparatively small residue out of the saving to be made by reducing taxes.

The debate on the issue thus formed between these two eminent financiers has really only just begun. It is almost sure to be one of the most hotly argued questions of the coming campaign. President Coolidge has not made a public statement on the question, but the reports from Washington are that both the President and Senator Lodge are warmly in favor of tax reduction and recognize the fact that the Mellon plan has met an enthusiastic reception.

If the tax reduction is made, it is agreed that the larger part of the reduction must come from the income tax. Precisely what line should be followed in bringing about the reduction is open to discussion. Secretary Mellon's proposal would reduce the normal income tax by perhaps twenty-five per cent, would eliminate the surtax on incomes below $10,000, and would change the surtax on incomes above that amount. There has been fear expressed by some that the plan would not relieve those taxpayers who feel the burden of the income tax most; on the other hand, it is pointed out that large surtaxes do not necessarily mean large tax receipts and that a reduction on the higher incomes as regards surtax should be so adjusted as to produce the greatest income for the Government's treasury.

This and other questions of the precise adjustment of the incidence of a revised income tax will doubtless be carefully considered. One thing, however, may be said at the outset; if the income tax is to be revised, let it be done thoroughly and without any undue reverence or respect for the present jumble of inconsistencies and intricacies which is known as an income tax. There are many who would like to see in its place a law that should be so clear that every taxpayer can understand it; a law that should be so strong that fraud and pretense cannot thwart its purpose; a law that should be altogether free from charges of oppression and unfairness.

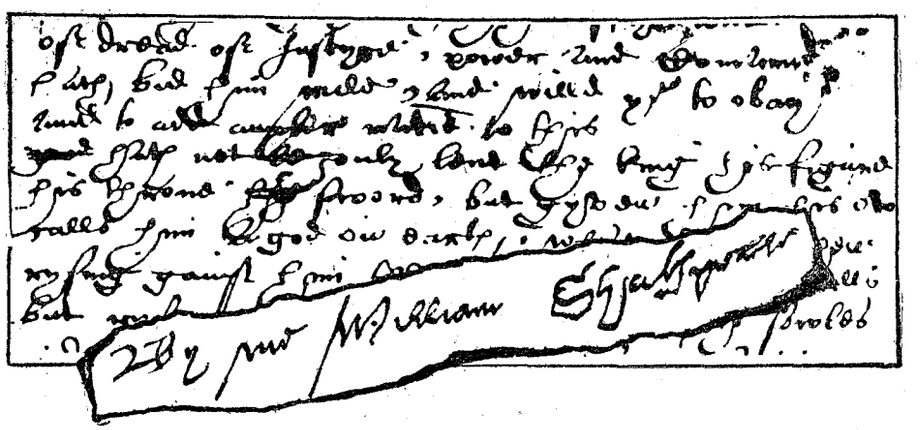
A FAINT LIGHT ON SHAKESPEARE

IT has long been a dream of Shakespeareans that even now, three hundred years after the death of the greatest English poet and dramatist, discoveries might be made that would throw light on his personality. The paucity of existing material is astonishing. Some of the stories about him—such as those of his being punished for deer stealing by Sir Thomas Lucy, his holding horses for pay when he came to London, and the like colorful and romantic tales—are regarded by modern scholars as legendary. Not a line of the manuscript of his plays exists; not a single letter from his pen survives, although he obviously had many friends to whom he must have written; we have a little about his life in London, but what he did or said after he returned to Stratford is hardly known at all; we have six of his written signatures, scrawled and hard to read, three of them on his will; we have the Stratford bust and the First Folio portrait and others of doubtful authenticity.

Professor David Masson long ago wrote that the reason why Shakespeare left so little trace of himself was that Shakespeare had unusual "non-obtrusiveness" and that he was elusive in everything contemporary, impersonal toward the world. Compare him in this respect with his friend and admirer, Ben Jonson, whose writings are surprisingly full of personal allusions and what we would call to-day timely hits. One result of the paucity and meagerness of known facts about Shakespeare has been to lend a negative sort of plausibility to those who hold that Shakespeare was a blind behind which Bacon or some one else concealed his own genius.

It follows that every scrap of evidence discovered relating to Shakespeare is of interest. The discussion now going on is not about a new discovery. The facts have been known for years. What is new is that several authorities—Shakespearean scholars and experts in handwriting—have re-examined the evidence and are of the opinion, to quote Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, formerly director of the British Museum, that we now have "what so many generations have vainly desired to behold—a holograph MS. of our great English poet."

The story is curious. Anthony Munday, a contemporary of Shakespeare, wrote a play, "Sir Thomas Moore." The royal censor was bitterly hostile because it savored of what we would call Bolshevism. On the margin this censor, Sir Edward Tilney, gave orders to cut this, rewrite that, and to make the mob hateful, not patriotic—"not otherwise at your peril"! A corps of specialists seems to have been called in. The manu-



A FACSIMILE OF THE 147 LINES OF HANDWRITING ATTRIBUTED TO SHAKESPEARE, PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM BY E. H. SOTHERN. PASTED ACROSS THE BOTTOM IS THE AUTHENTIC SIGNATURE OF THE POET ON THE LAST OF THE THREE SHEETS OF HIS WILL

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script survives, although it is incomplete, and it shows the work of four or five play-writers. Patched up as it was, poor Munday never saw it on the stage.

One of the collaborators may have been Shakespeare—probably was Shakespeare. A passage of 147 lines is considered to be in his handwriting, and several critics think there is also internal evidence to that effect. We quote the opening passage. Sir Thomas Moore is speaking to the mob:

> For to the king God hath his office lent
> Of dread, of justice, power, and command.
> He hath not solely lent the king his figure,
> His throne and sword, but given him His own name,
> Calls him a god on earth. What do ye then
> Rising gainst him that God himself installs
> But rise gainst God? What do ye to your souls
> In doing this, all desperate as you are.

The reader may judge for himself whether this is like the writing of the great Elizabethan dramatist. It certainly is not Shakespeare at his best, when he was in the full flood of his genius. Yet it may bear comparison with many passages, especially in his historical plays, when he was just "stodging along," as even Shakespeare sometimes did. Moreover, he was here doing a piece of hack work, or, perhaps better, joiner work—probably to oblige a friend. It would be too much to expect the noble resonance or the deep tone of philosophy one finds in "Romeo and Juliet" or in "Hamlet."

One account of this discussion states that an immense help was available that would not have been available twenty years ago. Our readers probably remember that about 1910 two Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Charles William Wallace, made interesting Shakespearean discoveries in London. They pored over many thousands of dusty ancient records, hoping to find something new about Shakespeare and his time. What they discovered was the record of a lawsuit in which Shakespeare was a witness. He had long been a boarder, as we would say, in a certain house. He even helped the daughter of the house to form a romantic marriage. Later, however, the people in the house got into legal difficulties, and Shakespeare's evidence was taken and is recorded. The whole story is fascinating. From the Wallace documents we learn exactly where Shakespeare lived in London at the period when he was producing much of his best work; we learn also precisely where the site of the Globe Theater was, a point long in dispute; in other ways the Wallaces' discovery threw new light on London in Shakespeare's time, and even some light on his own way of living. Now, according to the account to which we referred above, although we have seen no confirmation of this account, one of the Wallaces' discoveries was a signature of Shakespeare, the first signature to be found that was written at the height of his career, so that the hand-writing was not stiff and crabbed, like the other five signatures known, but was cursive and was the only one that might be expected to show Shakespeare's writing as it was when he patched up poor Munday's play, if he did. It was, in fact, says the account, quite in consonance in its characteristics with the handwriting of the 147 lines now attributed to Shakespeare.

No doubt the theories, pro and con, about Shakespeare's alleged share in placating the fussy old censor will soon be laid before the reading world in detail. It promises to afford one of the most interesting literary discussions, not to say controversies, of our day.

LITTLE DELAWARE

BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

ALMOST every schoolboy in my school days, now fifty years past, was familiar with the tribute which Daniel Webster paid to his Alma Mater in the famous Dartmouth College case, argued by the great Massachusetts statesman before Chief Justice Marshall in 1818: "It is, sir, a small college. And yet there are those who love it."

Delaware is a small State—the second smallest in the Union. Indeed, the only possible boast it may make of physical grandeur is that it is nearly twice as large as Rhode Island. At that its greatest length is less than a hundred miles and its greatest width thirty-five. At one point it narrows to a breadth of nine miles, where a good walker may cross it on foot in three hours' time. Its political and personal history, however, is only another proof that the spirit of man cannot be estimated by linear measure or confined by geographical limits.

One of the most famous books of science, Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," describes the flora and fauna of a little English parish; and a delightful classic in the literature of travel, Xavier de Maistre's "Voyage autour de ma chambre," was written within the confines of a bedroom. By the operation of this same mysterious intellectual force there have been produced in the little tract of country called Delaware, with a population to-day of only about 200,000, some of the finest statesmen that have been bred in this country. I have passed through the State scores of times on a railway train, but for the first time I have just paid it a real visit, during which I had the pleasure and honor of meeting one of its statesmen of whom I wish to speak a little later in this article. It was this visit that turned my attention to the remarkable part which Delaware has played in the political drama of the United States and impressed me with the truth, which is of course revealed everywhere in history, that diminutive physique is no measure of spiritual power.

Perhaps one reason why the romance of the history of Delaware is not better known is that she has produced no great literary genius to portray it. She had in Revolutionary days a Paul Revere of her own, but no Longfellow to sing his praises. She has a family of statesmen, the Bayards, of which the great-grandfather, the grandfather, and the father of the present Senator Bayard have all sat in the United States Senate, but none of them has immortalized the family in literature, as Charles Francis Adams and his brother Henry have immortalized the four generations of the Adams family in Massachusetts. Senator James Asheton Bayard, the great-grandfather of the present Senator Bayard, was elected to Congress in 1796. He was a Federalist, but that did not prevent him from influentially espousing the cause of Jefferson for the Presidency in the deadlock between that great Democrat and his gifted but unscrupulous rival Aaron Burr. It is conceivable that the whole course of American history might have been changed—certainly not for the better—if Burr had been placed in the White House. We may therefore owe much that we wot not of to that Delaware statesman. His grandson. Thomas F. Bayard, is of course better and more widely known. He was

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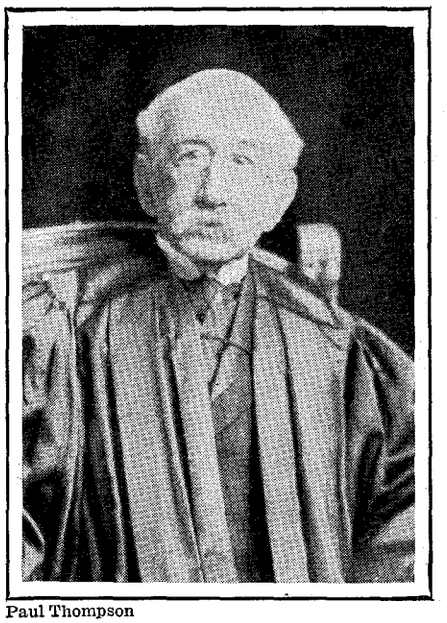
Secretary of State and Ambassador to England under President Cleveland and contributed dignity to both high offices.

The Dupont family is another remarkable development of Delaware life. Its founder, Pierre Samuel Dupont de Nemours, was a French statesman, economist, and educator. He was a liberal, but not a radical, in the French Revolution, and carried on a most interesting correspondence with Thomas Jefferson, in which he outlined a plan of National education for the United States. He finally came to this country, settled in Delaware, and with his sons established a powder works, which has grown into one of the great industrial organizations of America. His lineal descendant in the fifth or sixth generation is one of its chief executive heads. It is an interesting fact that the present Pierre Dupont is as deeply interested in education as the founder of the family, the friend of Jefferson, was more than a hundred years ago. The "Service Citizens of Delaware," an incorporated organization, of which Mr. Pierre Dupont is the President and, I believe, the founder, is backing and aiding the public school system of Delaware in an original fashion, which it would take an entire newspaper article to describe.

But before the Bayards and the Duponts little Delaware put her stamp upon the structure of the United States. She furnished three signers of the Declaration of Independence—Thomas M'Kean, George Read, and Cæsar Rodney. It is a matter of history that Read was at first opposed to the Declaration; it is a matter of tradition that Rodney rode post-haste on horseback the hundred miles from the southern extremity of the State to Philadelphia in order to affix his signature to the deathless document and thus record his State as an advocate of liberty. Speed was necessary—and in those days the bridled and saddled horse was the speediest machine of transportation—for in this great act the representatives in this Continental Congress voted under the unit rule. It is certainly not beside the mark to say that this ride of Rodney's is, in a way, comparable to Paul Revere's.

But the Delaware statesman who most appeals to my imagination is the one whom I met for the first time in person during my recent visit to Delaware, which I have already mentioned—Judge George Gray. Although not a Bayard by name, he is certainly a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.*



Paul Thompson

JUDGE GEORGE GRAY

Although in his eighty-third year, he is still as straight as an arrow and combines with the dignity that is always becoming to a leader of men a human sympathy that makes him a delightful companion. If he should see these lines, I hope that he will pardon their invasion of his privacy. Why should we wait, I ask him by way of apology, until a statesman dies to give public expression to our appreciation of his services to his country?

Judge Gray has been a member of the United States Senate, has sat on the bench of the United States Circuit Court, and has been one of the outstanding figures of the United States in the cause of arbitration. So far as I know, there are no records to prove it, but it is believed by many who are familiar with the course of politics that he might have been appointed to the Supreme Court by President Cleveland—possibly to the Chief Justiceship—if Mr. Bayard had not been Secretary of State. Political considerations of course make it practically impossible for a President to select appointees for two such high offices at the same time from the same State, especially such a little State as Delaware. The recently published official biography of President Cleveland by Professor McElroy reveals the fact that President Cleveland in his second term wanted Judge Gray to be his Attorney-General, but his offer was declined. Judge Gray has been a member of various commissions and tribunals of international arbitration, in which he made an international reputation for ability, learning, and justice. He has the highest type of legal training, but his mind is not of the legalistic type. By that I mean that he does not belong to the school which thinks that the law is an end unto itself. He believes, I should say, that the law is made to serve man, not man to serve the law.

I feel more confident of this estimate of his spirit as a judge because President Roosevelt appointed him as Chairman of the Anthracite Coal Commission which settled the threatened coal strike of 1902. Roosevelt called that crisis "as dangerous a situation as I ever dealt with." The story of the strike and its settlement as told by Joseph Buck[illegible]n Bishop in Chapter XIX of his authorized biography "Theodore Roosevelt and His Time" is of absorbing interest—an interest which is enlivened by the curious mingling of tragedy and comedy. Under the leadership of Judge Gray the Commission made a report which averted what might easily have developed into an industrial civil war. If this statement seems an exaggeration on my part, I refer the reader to the letter written by President Roosevelt to Judge Gray at the time, which is published in Mr. Bishop's book:

White House, Washington,
March 24, 1903.

My dear Judge Gray:

Pray permit me through you to thank the members of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission for as important a piece of public service as any equal number of men have in our time rendered the country. When you were appointed, we were within measurable distance of a great national calamity. By your acceptance of the position and the wisdom, fearlessness and absolute fairness of your course since, you not only averted that calamity but performed great and lasting service to the nation. This service was rendered at a heavy personal cost to each of you, and to those of your body who were in public service it was simply an additional burden. But such service as you gave could not be bought, and perhaps it is as well for the country that it should be given at a personal sacrifice, as was true in this case. Thanking you again most heartily, I am

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

A fine letter from a great Republican to a great Democrat! It shows the too often forgotten but undeniable fact that genuine patriotism transcends party lines. It also shows that little Delaware has done some big things for her sister States which they ought occasionally to stop and think of when they are pluming themselves on the size of their cities or the vastness of their wheat fields or the value of their cattle and hogs.

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THE KLAN, THE KING, AND A REVOLUTION

THE REGENERATION OF OKLAHOMA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM STANLEY FROST

This is the fourth article by The Outlook's investigator on the political background of the Oklahoma situation. We believe that no correspondent has analyzed the dramatic situation as clearly and completely as Stanley Frost. Next week Mr. Frost begins the story of Canada and her method of handling the immigration problem. Like his Oklahoma correspondence, Mr. Frost's Canadian articles are the result of first-hand research

IT was by the narrowest of margins that Governor Walton, of Oklahoma, failed to become a National leader—a "great statesman"—as a result of his attack on the Ku Klux Klan. For two weeks after he declared war in mid-August by ordering an inquiry by a military court under the protection of martial law in Tulsa it seemed that he would win a complete victory. The Klan itself was thrown into nothing less than consternation; other leaders who were planning to attack the abuses of Walton's administration were discouraged and silenced, since to oppose him at that time would have identified them with the Klan.

His move was hailed all over the country as fine and courageous statesmanship, and this also had its reaction in the State. People who doubted the legality of his actions were easily persuaded that the emergency warranted them. The opponents of the Klan who had been terrified into silence took courage and became vocal, and revealed for the first time how widespread that opposition was. Walton's strength and popularity rose to greater heights than ever before.

Partly this was responsible for his ultimate downfall, for nothing but a greatly enlarged self-esteem can account for some of his subsequent acts. Partly also he lost his nerve. He charges that the Klan threatened his life; they deny this, no proof has been offered, and certainly his word is not sufficient evidence. But he undoubtedly was scared; he increased his personal body-guard of gunmen, and there are fairly clear signs of panic in some of his performances. Between exaltation and alarm he shortly provided the ammunition which was to destroy him.

At first, however, things went strongly in his favor. The military court in Tulsa promptly unearthed one case after another of vigilante lawlessness which were attributed to the Klan—usually with justice. These stirred the people of the State to the depths and brought thousands of neutrals as recruits to Walton. Some of the cases were, at least on their face, horrible; a man whipped nearly to death because he opposed a certain schoolteacher; a woman tarred and feathered from pure jealousy; a man nearly killed because he got the better of a neighbor in a business deal; other men mutilated for unproved crimes. These stories Walton made public as fast as the court extracted them.

In the meantime Walton was keeping up a constant fire and making the gravest charges against the Klan and its leaders; not only lawlessness but attempts to subvert the whole Government, tremendous personal ambitions, plots for massacre and seizure of the property of Catholics and Jews; all these and more were alleged—some of them openly and some in whispers—and were readily believed. The atmosphere of prejudice and suspicion which had been created by the Klan propaganda now helped condemn it; if such stories were true of one side, as the Klan charged, why not of the other?

Gradually, however, the opposition gathered itself together and began to fight back. It included several of the leading opponents of the Klan as well as the Klan itself; men who were even then beginning to raise the cry of "Neither Klan nor King." The counter-attack was based from the first on the illegality of Walton's actions.

Presently it got other ammunition. There were no convictions of Klan members as a result of the Tulsa exposures, except in one case where four men pleaded guilty, and admitted their membership in the Klan, but denied that they had any authority from the Klan officials or from any organization. In other cases witnesses vanished. Walton charged that the Klan had intimidated them; the officials of the military court replied that it was Walton's own action in making the evidence public prematurely which prevented prosecution.

Soon, at any rate, Klansmen began to point out that the charges made before the Tulsa court were never proved, that only one side of the story was told in each case, and that the whole thing was therefore of no more weight than gossip. They presently went further and said that Walton did not dare have the cases aired in open court. Even "neutrals" told me that the Klan itself admitted, and had been able in some sort to justify, far more than the court proved. Thus the Klan managed soon to escape responsibility in those cases which particularly aroused public opinion.

By this time the public indignation had become considerably confused and it began to die down. This gave a chance to revive the old charges against Walton's administration, and his opponents made the most of it. More and more people came to believe that his attack on the Klan was merely politics, designed to prevent his being called to a long overdue accounting.

Probably Walton could have weathered this attack easily enough if he had changed his policy and given a fairly decent administration for the time being. But he was not the man to see the importance of this; pardons of desperate criminals followed one another rapidly, and more and more gunmen—some of them with criminal records—were added to his staff. Men were caught red-handed in crime, with his pardons and his commissions as special peace officers in their pockets. Every such case cost him supporters; each strengthened the growing belief that in spite of his loud protestations he really cared nothing for law and order and that he was himself the chief danger to the peace of the State.

The Klan meanwhile had met his onslaught with great discretion. All overt demonstrations were promptly stopped, and it took care that nothing was done that could possibly irritate the public mind against it or give Walton a real hold upon it. It retired into the background and left Walton—apparently—fighting a shadow, which is unprofitable.

WALTON SLIPS

WALTON, beating the air and losing ground steadily, began also to lose his head. So the third stage of the campaign opened with attempts to goad the Klan into overt action. Walton denies having any such purpose, but his gunmen certainly made vigorous attempts to provoke violence from Klan gatherings.

This stirred the Klansmen to white heat, and for weeks Klan officials were busy campaigning the State to keep the peace. They did it somehow; it is a fact that throughout the struggle there was no single Klan action on which Walton could seize as proof of any one of his charges against it. This of course immensely strengthened the Klan, and Walton suffered in proportion.

While this was going on the counter-attack also developed along legal lines. A grand jury was called in Oklahoma

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ty to investigate charges that some Walton's actions were actually iminal. Walton declared that the ove was inspired by the Klan, as is tirely likely, and posted militia with achine guns around the court-house prevent the grand jury from meeting. His opponents, besides pointing t the utter lawlessness and despotic ture of this performance, naturally ied also that he was afraid of investgation. Increasing numbers believed

THE FATAL ERROR

THE next step against Walton was the attempt of the Legislature to et to impeach him, and its dispersal soldiers under his orders. This ems to have been his fatal mistake. owever popular a Governor may be, is never known to the voters, never s the hold on them that is kept by e neighbors they send to the Legisla-re. The people know these men intiately, especially in a comparatively arsely settled State like Oklahoma. enerally they trust them. So when alton attacked the Legislature he ansferred the burden of proof from eir shoulders to his own, in the inds of most men. From that time the presumption went steadily gainst him.

It is notable that in all this the Klan id its allies against Walton were reful to keep at least the color of the w in their favor. Walton had alady gone far beyond his lawful owers; they made that issue good by aying inside theirs. It is true they rained the law at times, but only hen they could claim great fundaental rights such as that the Legisture, as the representative of the ople, always had a right to assem-e. Even Walton's illegal orders were eyed peacefully up to the revolution. This came when Walton attempted prevent the election set for October to pass on an initiated measure auorizing the Legislature to meet. alton, for once seeking legal support, id appealed to the courts and lost. hen he ignored the courts and ordered militia, gunmen, sheriffs, every ne he could get, to stop the voting. To ppose him then was nothing less than evolution by force of arms; every ower of the Government in his hands as arrayed against the election.

HE VERDICT OF THE COURT OF LAST RESORT

The Klan issue was completely wamped. No invisible menace, no idnight outrages even, could comare with this in the public mind. All revious counts against Walton were uddenly accepted as true. He had efused to give an accounting to the egislature; that was bad enough. He ad seized illegal and despotic powers; hat was worse. But now he refused to ermit the people to pass on his case. He had completed the case against himself. Oklahoma rose in a mass.

That revolutionary election was really the end of the fight in Oklahoma. It established legality as a principle in government above everything else. The overwhelming majority against Walton sobered him instantly. It destroyed most of what support he had left; the State banks refused to cash his vouchers for State funds to pay the militia, and he learned, as kings did of old, that a king cannot rule without money. The soldiers are not yet paid; they went home, and Walton came inside the law and started his losing fight in the courts to save his official life.

From that time on there has been complete submission to the law by both sides. Walton attacked the legality of the election, but he himself lost his own case by calling the Legislature in special session. This seems to have been done with the idea of luring that body into illegal action. He could claim that it had no right to consider any matters not mentioned in his call; impeachment was not so mentioned, but was sure to be undertaken. But the lawmakers delayed the impeachment vote till after the special-election call became operative, and the trick failed. The only question that seems to remain is how completely Walton will be disgraced.

WHAT WILL THE VICTORS DO?

WITH Walton beaten the alliance against him already shows signs of breaking up, and the fight against the Klan will be renewed. It is the general opinion of the men with whom I talked, however, that it has little chance of success. Many of the men who have come to power through Walton's downfall are Klan members. And, since it was the center of the fight, it gained greatly in numbers when that fight became a popular movement and is to-day far stronger than ever before. There is besides no one of the leaders against it who has any considerable political power. W. E. Disney, who led the action against Walton in the Legislature, is such a leader, but cannot swing the following he now has against the Klan.

It is probable, however, that there will be legislation which will be at least nominally against the Klan. There is strong support for this even inside the Klan itself. Many of its officials have fought lawlessness from the inside and are quite willing to bring more law to their aid. It is notable that several members of the military court which exposed Klan outrages around Tulsa were Klan members, and considered their work there helpful to the Klan.

The new law, as planned, will prohibit the use of Klan regalia in public places without official permits, thus eliminating the provocation from parades. It will also provide severe penalties for entering private property disguised, for conspiracy to use force against any citizen, and especially for such a use of force. Grand Dragon Jewett says he will not object to such a law; there is reason to believe that it was drawn by Klan lawyers!

This will probably be the extent of the legal action, but careful observers believe that the Klan will decline fast in any case. They say that it began to lose members after it won its local victories last fall and was saved only by the war with Walton. Now that that war is over, they cannot see that it will have any important issue or appeal left, or any claim to public support, and they think that within a year or two it will have become negligible. My own opinion, for what it is worth, agrees with this, though of course Mr. Jewett sees a very different future.

Even so—even if the Klan is unchecked and the apparent result of all the disturbance has only been to bring an unworthy Governor to book, Oklahoma has gained greatly from the crisis, and particularly from the revolt against despotism. The State has in a large measure already won back to decent government. More yet, it has won a public demand for good government, backed by a civic conscience and a civic unity such as it has never had before. The fight has established in the group mind the demand that law should be observed, that order should be enforced, and that a public servant should serve the public. We think of these things as the common law of democracy, to be sure, but which of our forty-eight States really has them?

OKLAHOMA'S NEW PURPOSE

THEY are not achieved yet in Oklahoma of course; far from it. But they have become the purpose of the State. It will take a long time to achieve them, but some progress has been made and more is in sight. The reform leaders are in the saddle, and there will be a general clearing out of corrupt officials in the next few months. The movement has brought better men into public life, has taught the better men how badly they are needed, and at the next election there will be a far higher class of candidates than ever before.

Best of all, it has taught the voters that there is something in politics besides gaudy promises and private graft. It has taught thousands—how many thousands and how well the lesson has been learned cannot be known till another election has been held—that decent government is at stake in every election, and that if they are to preserve their peace and security, even their liberty, they must look well at the man behind the promises.

This change is apparent all over the State and with all classes.

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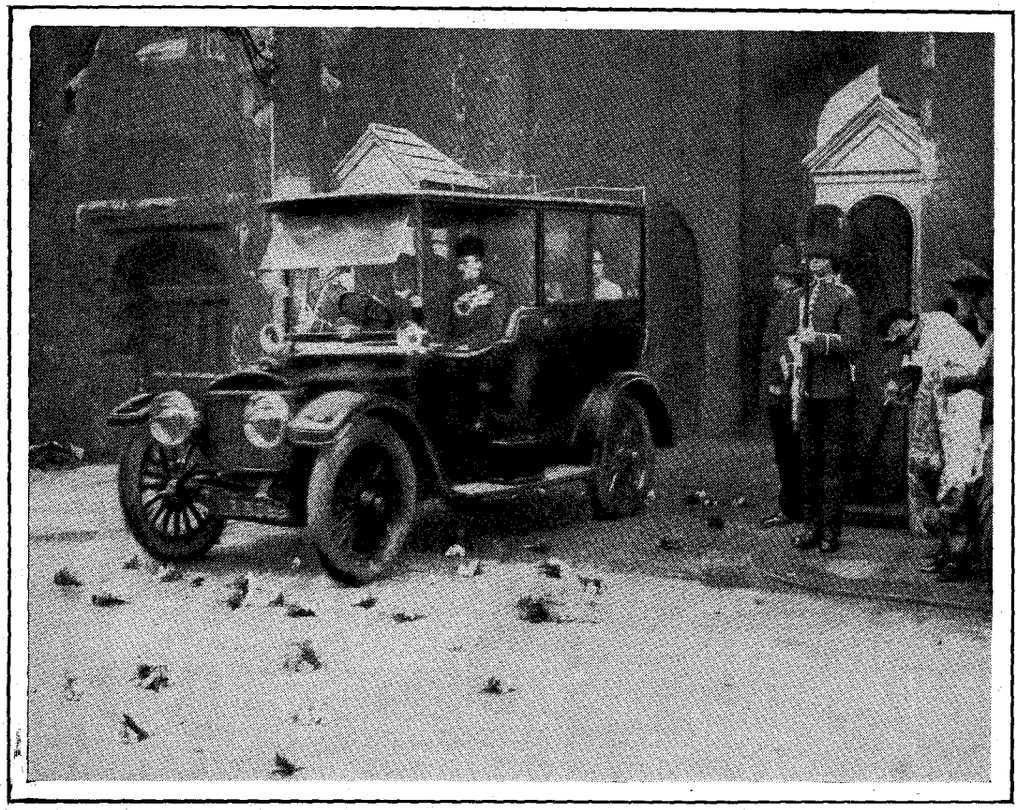

P. & A. Photos.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN MARRIES LADY LOUISE MOUNTBATTEN

The wedding of the Swedish Prince to an Englishwoman was quite in accord with the traditions of European royalty in contracting exogamous marriages, the idea being thus to promote friendly political as well as personal relations. The photograph shows the automobile carrying the bride and bridegroom just after their marriage in the Royal Chapel at St. James's Palace, London

Paul Thompson

THE ROYAL CHRISTENING IN BELGRADE

Serbian peasant women in their national costume are here seen as they arrive at the palace in Belgrade to present baked meats, bread, and clothing to the infant Crown Prince of Serbia at his christening

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AND ELECTED

THE NEW RECTOR OF ST. ANDREWS FÊTED BY STUDENTS

Rudyard Kipling, appearing in his new rôle as Rector of a University, is seen here after his election as Rector of St. Andrews when paying a visit to an affiliated University, that of Dundee. The enthusiasm of the students in greeting the famous author is manifest

P. & A. Photos.

Wide World Photos

ELECTING A NEW RECTOR OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY

That there were differences of opinion in the voting which resulted in the election of the British Premier, Stanley Baldwin, as Rector of Edinburgh University seems evident from the election scene here presented. The "joy of battle," however, appears on several faces in the group, so apparently the differences are really friendly

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A MATTER OF BROGUES

BY RUTH SAWYER

THERE is a heavy feeling comes on me this night—and midsummer here. For what with the harrying and fighting, the burning and thieving and setting of neighbor against neighbor, the fairies are lost out of Ireland. I have been speaking with men from Derry and Fermanagh, Tyrone and Donegal, and not one among them has been hearing the sound of fairy pipes from the hills for these seven years; no, nor catching the rushing of strong wind on a darksome night when the fairy host would be abroad.

It sets one wondering where the Gentle People have gone, and what tales there will be to tell in another hundred years. A few will cling like ivy to an old wall; but where will there be new growth to come after?

Here is a tale—how old I cannot be telling. I had it from Seumas Dubh, the blind piper; and it was old when he had it from his grandda. It happened long back when fairies were plentiful over Ireland, before the great famine and the plague—which gives more than a hundred years to it, if it is time you care anything about.

It is told that much of the music in Ireland came at one time or another from the fairies. This much I know from Seumas Dubh—that many a soft, lilting air we sing to-day was heard first by some lad who slept a night through by chance with his ear to a fairy rath and woke in the morning with the music ringing in his head. It is the way the song of the brogues came first to Conal of a Thousand Songs and was passed on—down to the blind piper, and from his lips to mine. And Conal lived back in that pleasant time before war, famine, or plague.

There are many tales told about this lad—how he could be getting music out of anything. He could cut a reed at the lough and make a pipe that would carry sweeter than the lark singing his matins. He could whittle a sally wand into a whistle with more notes to it than a blackbird. He could stretch dried sinews over a crack in the wall when the wind was blowing and make a caoining as wild and heartbreaking as the wail of the banshee. He could play the pipes and the harp and the fiddle; but of them all it was the fiddle he liked best. But that is not all about Conal. He slept not once, but often and often with his ear to a fairy rath until he had his thousand songs by heart, and with those the music of enchantment.

He could pull his bow this way till he had laughter on every lip; he could draw it that way till he had tears instead of laughter. And he could put a charm on mute things that had no life or reason to them the way they would follow his fancy wherever it might lead. All this I had from Seumas Dubh.

Now there were, and are still, in an out-of-the-way corner of County Donegal two bits of places—like this and like that. They lie two sides of the Gap, with a town between. One place had the manor house, with the Marquis living there and rich landowners all about; the other place was as poor as that was rich, with the people as simple and plentiful as the creatures. They called this place in those days Ballyweel; and here the Marquis pastured his cattle with Thady as cowherd, and his sheep with Manus as shepherd. And in cabins near to them lived Padraic, the weaver, with wee Katie, his one child; and old Shawn, who cut peat on the bogs; and Granny Dagh, who made creels to hold anything at all. These, with a twoscore more, made a contented place; for all they were so poor that, barring the shepherd, they owned not a pair of brogues each to his name.

Now brogues are the queer things. If you think about them at all, you will know that there is more pride that goes into the wearing of new brogues than of any other thing man or child can put on himself. At the time that Conal was still much of a lad a great happening took place, the like of which might not be happening again for a hundred years—or ever. Love had come to Bridget, the shepherd's daughter, and Duirmuid, the Marquis's son; a love so wonderful that even the Marquis could not put a stop to it, although he had been thinking of ways for a year and a day. He had given in to it at the last, and the Bishop was coming from Dublin to marry the two in the chapel that stood half-way between the manor house and Ballyweel. It was the chapel, the store, the barracks, the tailor's, the public-house, and Tomais, the cobbler's, that, put together, made the town; and over this bit of road Conal liked best to be tramping. For the lad had neither kin nor cabin of his own. Any one was like to find him on that stretch of road lying between any two places that had a feis to-day and a wedding to-morrow. And there was never a cabin over all the countryside but had a welcome and more for him.

It was midsummer that Bridget was to marry Duirmuid; but weeks ahead there was great fashing and talking of the Bishop's coming. For a bishop was a strange creature in those parts, and not a soul in Ballyweel had ever laid eyes on one, or was ever like to if aught happened to keep this one out of reach. It came to a fortnight before the wedding, when Hughey O'Brian, the Marquis's agent, gave out the general invitations for the countryside. Every man, woman, and child would be welcome; and there would be room for all in the chapel who could come decent—with coats to their backs and brogues to their feet.

Brogues! I am wondering can you feel the heartbreak in that one word for the people of Ballyweel. New coats for the men, with Padraic to weave the homespun, print dresses and aprons for the women and children; these could be managed. But who could be turning out brogues but Tomais, the cobbler? And he was as tight-fisted and mean a dispositioned man as had ever been born into County Donegal—by the grace of God. Sour as a green gooseberry he was, with a mouth always full of whinings over poverty and a starving old age, while every one was knowing there was more gold put by in his chimney corner than would keep food in a dozen mouths, and more. To get the gift or the loan of a pair of brogues out of Tomais short of the three shillings sixpence ha'penny that he asked for the poorest of them was as impossible a trick as to move the Causeway down to the Bay of Cork.

"Faith, I'd like to be murdtherin' that old spotted cow and sewing up every foot in the place with strips of her hide," Thady shouted out his anger at last to the wife. "That cow's but an old bag of leather, anyways, with little to her inside or out. Sure, death would be a grand comfort to her."

And he was all for taking an ax and clouting her. But the wife put sense into him, reminding him that, young or old, the cow belonged to the Marquis; and, if murder was done her, like as not he would be getting the Bishop to curse him good the instant he was through blessing the bride. But staying Thady's hand was not staying his tongue; and he and the neighbors filled the days and nights with bitterness. The night before the day of the wedding a fine wet rain began; and the children, urged on by wee Katie, took their last hope and tramped down the hill to the town to see could they coax Tomais into some kind of good-heartedness. With Katie as spokesman, they ventured as much as their heads in the door of his shop and cried out:

"Tomais, agradh! Ye are the grandest cobbler in Donegal. Lend us the loan of your wee brogues till the Bishop has gone the morrow, and like

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as not he'll pray ye a year out of Purgatory."

But before ever the last word was out Tomais was after them, a curse on his lips and a blackthorn in his fist. And the last they saw of him as they topped the hill he was still shaking the stick at them and daring them ever to show their faces inside his shop again.

WITH the coming of dusk a terrible gloom settled on every cabin but the shepherd's. There Bridget was sprigging the last bit of wedding finery. New brogues and coats and such-like were spread everywhere for her family to go decent; and, not knowing the trouble that had come to the neighbors, she was singing as gay as a throstle. Tea had been drunk in Ballyweel and the turf stacked fresh on the fires when over the crest of the highest hill came Conal of the Thousand Songs, one foot before another. A set of pipes was slung over his shoulder and a fiddle was under his arm, for he was to be making much music on the morrow. The first cabin he came to was Thady's.

"'Tis a fine soft evenin', glory be to God!" he called in at the door.

"Aye, 'tis a grand bit of weather, glory be! Will ye come in?" was the answer. But when Thady brought his face to the door to follow his welcome Conal could see it was as black as a peat bog.

He shook his head by way of saying he would not be stopping the night. "What ails ye, man? 'Tis glower looks ye have. Has a murrain taken the cows?"

"It has not, worst luck. If it had taken one cow, just, maybe the black sorrow would not be so heavy this night on Ballyweel." And with that he went on to explain the matter of brogues and the morrow.

Aye, and it was the black sorrow Conal found in every cabin he passed. Outside the door of the weaver's he found wee Katie with her back to the rain and her face to the wall, making as much softness as the weather. Conal laid a gentle hand on her curls, "And what is breaking your heart this night, cailin astore?"

"The same that is breaking them all —an' that but the wantin' of a pair of brogues," the words came in a high, thin wail. "To be thinkin' of Bridget, a bride—in a dress fetched from Dublin by the Marquis his own self, and a Bishop thrown in! All that to be missin'! Faith, I wish I was the whole sky to weep proper!"

"'Tis a terrible shame," Conal agreed. "But now ye hearken to me. If ye soak up all the wet this night, what kind of a wee lass will ye be the morrow for the weddin' should a pair of wee brogues happen by? And are ye forgettin' entirely what night o' the year this might be? Sure, afore ye sleep this night mind ye put a bowl o' stirabout an' a sup o' fresh milk by the door for the Good People. Anything at all at all could be happenin' on Midsummer Eve."

Easing the weight of his pipes to his shoulder, he went on from cabin to cabin, leaving behind a trail of hope for the morrow. Then down the hill to the town he went, a queer bit of a smile on his lips and his eyes full of a hundred fancies. Straight as the crow flies he made for the window of the cobbler's shop, and there he stood looking in. On the shelf were neat rows of brogues: big brogues, soft brogues, stout brogues, wee brogues—stitched and pegged and ready for any one who had three shilling sixpence ha'penny and upwards to pay for them.

"There's a fine lot of brogues, all waitin' for feet to put life in them," said Conal low, to himself. "But what's the good of empty brogues? Tell me that," and he broke into a laugh as he lifted the latch of the door and went in.

Old Tomais was pegging the last of a sole by the mean light of one tallow dip, and he grumbled Conal a welcome. "Ye can ease your bones on the pile of hides in the corner," says he. "I'll be through in a minute, an' ye can mind the shop whilst I go across yondther an' drink my mug," and he jerked his thumb towards the public-house.

Conal thanked him for his grand hospitality and gave a rascally wink to the brogues in the window. Then he sat down and laid his cheek to his fiddle, drawing his bow softly over the strings to sweeten them.

"Is that a new song ye are makin'?" mumbled the cobbler with a peg between his teeth.

"It might turn into one," agreed Conal.

"Maybe 'tis a new reel ye might be playin' at the weddin' the mornin'?" Tomais was as sharp-fingered for gossip as he was for gold.

"Aye, an' it might be that, too."

"What name would ye be givin' it, then?" asked the cobbler.

Conal laughed. "Faith, I'm thinkin' of callin' it a tune for puttin' enchantment on brogues—any sort of brogues."

Tomais shot him an uneasy look from the tail of his eye. But the last peg was in and the thirst was on him; so, instead of getting at once to the bottom of such foolish talk, he set it back in his mind to see to as soon as he had finished his mug. Throwing his mallet and awl in the corner, he hurried away with a final word to Conal to mind the shop well.

"Aye, I'll mind it mortial well," the lad whispered after him. As the latch dropped back in its place he was on his feet, his bow beginning to sweep the strings in a mad, wild way. Slowly he moved over to the window, his head thrown back, his body keeping time to the music of his fiddle and a bewitched look in his eyes. And from under his fingers sprang the music of enchantment like fairy primroses from under spring rains. Never was there a lilt with so much magic to it. By the time he was close to the window and the tidy rows of brogues he was humming the air and fitting words to it. Again he winked—this time at the wee-est pair—and he sang straight at them:

O . . . ho! Hey there an' ho there,
wee brogues, are ye hearin' me?
Tramp along to Ballyweel, for soon, I
am fearin' me,
The masther'll have his poteen drunk
an' be back any minute;
An' to-morrow there's a weddin' an'
there'll be no Katie in it.

With the finishing of the song, what did the wee brogues do but walk themselves off the shelf and make straight for the door! Conal lifted the latch to let them out, and waved them towards the hill road to Ballyweel. If you had been there, you would have seen them splashing through the soft rain.

Fastening the latch after them, Conal came back to the window and winked at the biggest brogues, his fingers holding the music the while. This time he sang:

O . . . ho! Hey there an' ho there,
big brogues, are ye hearin' me?
Tramp along to Ballyweel, for soon, I
am fearin' me,
The masther'll have his poteen drunk
an' be back any minute;
An' to-morrow there's a weddin' an'
there'll be no Thady in it."

And the big brogues walked off the same as the wee ones, taking the road close behind them; and Conal laughed long and hearty to see them go. And so it went. He sang the stoutest pair away to old Shawn and the easiest pair to Padraic, the weaver, and the softest pair to Granny Dagh, till the shelf was as empty as a harvested field and Tomais, the cobbler, had not a pair of brogues left to his name. With the last gone, Conal blew out the candle and latched the door after him. He stopped but a moment before he passed out into the darkness, and that was to look in at the window of the public-house. The cobbler was as drunk as a lord—or a marquis. He was draining his fifth mug to the health of the bride. And again Conal laughed. "Faith, by the time he is back in his shop again he'll never be knowin' if there's a hundred brogues or none in the window."

BUT that is not the end of the tale—as I had it from Seumas Dubh, the blind piper. And without a doubt you can see for yourself that it would make but a poor ending. With a man

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as mean as the cobbler, you can guess he would never be letting his shop empty itself of brogues without poking and prying into where they had gone and laying the blame on every one who might have had a hand in it. With the wedding day come and Tomais sober and the people of Ballyweel tramping down to the chapel—each one of them dandering out in a pair of new brogues—it would have taken no time at all for the cobbler to be swearing them his and running every man, woman, and child off to the barracks and the constable, to get them arrested. So the wedding would have ended in a sorry way, with more souls locked up than the town had ever jailed in all its history; and never one of them seeing the Bishop, after all. All this could have happened, as you have guessed.

BUT maybe you are forgetting that this was Midsummer Eve, as gentle a night as any in the whole year. No sooner had Conal passed into the night than down from the fairy rath above the town trooped hundreds and hundreds of the Gentle People in their little green caps and their little green coats, and never a sound as they came. Straight to the cobbler's shop they trooped, and, lifting the latch, they crowded thick inside. There were wee men carrying rush lights; there were others carrying bits of leather; and, last of all, there were some with aprons tied over their coats and mallets in their hands. These were the leprechauns—the fairy cobblers. They pulled themselves up on Tomais's bench, while all around them the others shouted to make haste.

If you had been listening then with your ear to a crack in the door, you would have heard the soft "tap-tap-tapping" of their wee hammers on the pegs, sounding like a flock of woodpeckers at a tree. And if you had had the courage to peek through that same crack, you would have seen the wee men handing the leprechauns the bits of leather to turn into brogues as fast as others could put them back on the shelves. So they worked with never a word between them; and in the whisk of an eye the window was full again, with a pair of brogues for every pair Conal had sent tramping up the hill that night.

With their work done, you would have heard the slow running of their laughter, like water running over covered stones, and away they trooped to their rath again—to dance till the moon went down behind the rain.

And here is the strangest part of the tale. Tomais, the cobbler, never found out the difference between the fairy brogues and his own; for a brogue was naught but a brogue to him—something made of leather to be sold for three shillings sixpence ha'-penny and upwards. But every one who came to buy soon found there was something queer about the shop and the brogues in it. For as soon as ever they tried on a pair the fairies had made their toes were pinched so hard they cried out sharp with the pain, and lost no time kicking them off and leaving them well behind them while they went away to find another cobbler in another town. So, for all the brogues on his window shelf, Tomais never sold another pair till the day he died.

AND what of the wedding? Why, Thady and wee Katie and all of them came down to the chapel, made decent enough for the Marquis, in their new brogues and all. They looked as hard at the Bishop as they liked—until their eyes were full of him and they could tell their children and their grandchildren what manner of creature a bishop was. And Conal played the merriest reels for them all to dance. Never was there a gayer wedding nor a grander feast; and at the last Conal made a song for Bridget, the shepherd's daughter, and Duirmuid, the Marquis's son. It was a song to lay enchantment on their hearts so that love lasted between them till life's end, and afterwards.

A SIMPLE FOLK WITH A HEART

BY NATALIE DE BOGORY

AN antiquated and rickety street car, propelled, however, by electricity, rattled along the main street of Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria. It stopped before the Turkish mosque with its tall minaret while a peasant got in. He threw down a sack made of homespun and settled down with a few grunts. His leg-of-mutton trousers with the wide part on top were of a heavy wool dyed a warm brown with the juice of walnuts; his homespun cotton shirt carried a gay embroidered edge. A broad brown belt wound many times around and a fur cap completed his costume. We were now four passengers in all.

"Is this No. 27?" he suddenly asked, gazing stolidly before him.

The only other man in the car, a Bulgarian in European clothes, bestirred himself.

"No," he answered, "this is No. 1, the Count Ignatieff Line."

Dead silence for a moment.

"Eh—never mind." And, with a clumsy gesture of the left hand, the peasant settled down even more comfortably. After all, the car was decidedly going somewhere.

Five long minutes went by.

"How do I get to the Reparations Commission?" the peasant asked again, turning confidentially towards me and the European-clad man.

"It's a long way, but you can walk there. Get off at the next stop and turn to the left"—then there followed a detailed description of streets and turnings.

"What time is it?" the peasant asked, apparently ignoring the directions, which did not either discourage or surprise the European-clad Bulgarian.

"Five to twelve," he answered, and went on describing.

"I suppose I'll be late—they close at twelve," said the peasant, cheerfully.

But the car had stopped. He got up slowly, unhooked the chain on the wrong side of the car, and got down on the next track, then deliberately turned to the right.

"Wrong," announced the European-clad man, almost triumphantly, "hopeless. He's a Schop"—and he tapped his forehead significantly with a forefinger from which hung a chain of beads—a playful custom and one of the last a Bulgarian gives up during the process of civilization. Men walk around everywhere twirling these strings—a habit which reminds me of gum-chewing in the United States; it is done a great deal, but not by the best people.

Whether the peasant was a Schop or not is unimportant, but that is the name given to a special class of peasantry living around Sofia, known for its stubbornness and utter inability to seize upon a new idea.

As I sat watching the brown figure disappear in the totally wrong direction the town clocks struck twelve, and there rose before me Ellis Island with its red-brick buildings, through which thousands and millions of exactly such peasants had gone through. And the much-criticised system appeared marvelous to me, for it managed to handle just such men and women with their fatalistic and indifferent attitude towards place and time and advice.

Sofia is the most European city of the Balkan Peninsula, but the many years of warfare have left an indelible mark on it. The streets that were once good now present a series of ups

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and downs which make perilous walking, and one torrential rain turns them into swift-flowing rivers. But, although the roads are primitive, great numbers of houses have electricity, and ironing and the making of tea is done in the most approved modern style. There is, however, no gas.

But even Sofia with its buffalo-drawn wagons and peasantry, sitting and lying around the main streets, can give no real picture of Bulgaria, the country where there is no aristocracy and where education is the best introduction to "society."

It is in Tchirpan, a small town of 13,000 inhabitants, in the south of Bulgaria, that I am reaching nearer to the heart of this people, whom one cannot help but love once inside the rough outer shell.

All the streets present the aspect of having broken out in a stone rash: they curl unceasingly in between the low whitewashed houses and rubble fences, to the vast annoyance of the only architect in town.

"No building is ever square," he confided to me, recently, "and the plans are fearfully difficult to make."

The tiny wooden shops present openings with an elevated platform on which sits the merchant, his buyer remaining in the street. Of course there is progress in Tchirpan, and many merchants own real little shops with a real counter. It is every man's ambition to order such a plan and build a modern building, and then stand behind the counter.

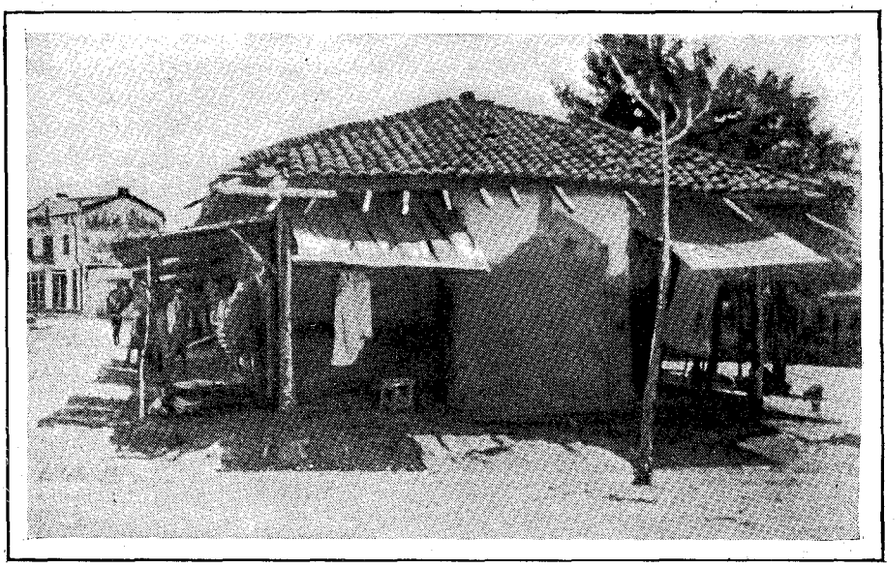
The houses are whitewashed, presenting endless rubble fences to the street and a large wooden gate, the frontier which separates the dusty street from the oasis within.

And what an oasis!

Once inside the gates, it is the home; several small whitewashed houses cluster around, serving as living quarters and summer kitchens. There is always a grape arbor, from which there now hang blue clusters of grapes, often a foot in length. Around the buildings the ground is laid with large flat stones, and beyond is the garden—fig trees, pears, plums, mulberries. But the housewife's great pride is her flower garden. Nasturtiums, tobacco plants, dahlias, grow in the ground, while most of the plants are potted in anything from an old kerosene can to a packing-case. The solid mass of plants can be thus moved from the burning sun in summer and in winter protected from the extremes of cold.

During a visit I had been admiring one especially lovely garden.

"I can have it because there's a well in my yard; others have to carry their water from the nearest fountain," was my hostess's remark.



THE OTHER SIDE OF TCHIRPAN'S MAIN SQUARE—BUTCHERS' STALLS, WITH ONE PROPRIETOR LYING DOWN ON A RUG (LEFT). THE MEAT HANGS EXPOSED TO THE AIR AND IS COVERED WITH MYRIADS OF FLIES

And I realized why the housewives are so tender with their plants. It takes a great deal of feeling for a plant to be willing to water it from buckets slung on a pole and brought from a fountain, often many blocks away. The rain rarely falls here through the summer months; even the grass withers into yellow wisps.

"We do the best we can, but life is primitive." Such is the answer one gets most often; self-criticism is the rule and the desire for something better is a national characteristic. I think it is this special mental trait which makes the Bulgarian the most intelligent and most advanced of the Balkan peoples.

I met an old acquaintance whom I had known during my previous visit, and we started discussing the condition of the town.

"Your streets are fearful," I remarked. "I suppose two wars with Stamboulisky on top just about bankrupted you."

"No," was his answer, "I don't think it's a question of money; it's our Bulgarian way. We spend a lot of money fixing up a street, and then we economize by refusing to keep it repaired. It takes Western culture to understand the value of upkeep."

Personally, I think he was exaggerating, but there is no doubt that this is the general attitude of mind, and the educated people are doing their best to fight this Oriental acceptance of things as they are and to introduce the go-ahead spirit of cultured countries. The Bulgarian mother, with no special education, and tied solidly to her household duties by the fact of their complexity due to utter lack of any improvements, worries about her children. She knows that the public schools leave much to be desired, but there is little other choice, and except for the Samakoff School run by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions along American lines, there are no good schools. As a result the entire weight is laid on the university education, which is preferably given abroad, to pay for which the family at home economizes and often almost starves.

However, life in Tchirpan is almost city life compared to that of the surrounding villages. I went to one of them a few days ago, six kilometers from Tchirpan, to a mill run by several Russian refugees. The villagers all seemed to own sparkling new whitewashed homes with red-tiled roofs and balconies which gave them a chalet-like appearance. From a distance the entire village was a mass of green trees, with just the houses peeping out. The mill stands on the main road leading to the village fields, so before noon, wagons, donkeys, and horses went by, heavily laden with produce, the pick of that morning; corn, beans, melons, watermelons—it was an endless stream.

But not one passed us by; as each neared the mill he stopped, called out, and handed a picked melon.

"A village custom," explained one of the Russian owners; "they do this every morning—every one of them. Why we get it, we can't decide. Perhaps because we are Russians, for whom there is a great sympathy, or perhaps because they know we have nothing. But in the village those who own land always give to the poor. It is customary for children of poor families to sit beside the road, simply collecting what the peasants give them."

This is probably an old Turkish custom which has remained because of its compatibility with the national character; there is a rough kindness

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among the people here. Nobody ever starves. The spirit of giving is much developed, and it is done not as a charity but as a due: those who have naturally give to those who have not. And yet it was in this same village that another Russian refugee was beaten to death for taking a watermelon.

Strange contrasts, difficult for a European or American to seize. Here, where nobody, man or beast, starves, children are beaten and animals are so roughly treated that one's nerves are constantly on edge. Dogs swarm everywhere, and, while there is always a hand to throw them something to eat, the stone often follows just as readily. Bulls, goats, buffaloes, donkeys—all get good food and lots of kicks. A village boy I met, who is studying medicine in Vienna, gave me an interesting side-light on the simple peasant's reaction to our civilization.

"I don't like it," he explained, rather plaintively, "probably because I don't understand it. Your luxury, your manner of living, your love of dogs. I simply feel strange to it all."

Which is undoubtedly true; this man will become an excellent physician because he spends his time studying, and not amusing himself, but he will remain a villager and our culture will make no dent on him.

However, this state of mind is by no means a general one, and most Bulgarian students imbibe a great deal from their university courses not included in the official curricula. But a great deal of impetus for good is wasted when it comes in contact with, to my mind, one of the most retrograde elements in Bulgarian life—public opinion. There is no doubt that it is a very necessary thing in society, but there comes a time when it begins to hamper progress, and as I get glimpses of real Bulgaria I feel that it is a handicap. Public opinion is the small-town mentality, the state of mind which fears to do anything new, anything which neighbors might not approve. Women here, for example, are doing nothing to organize the sport activities of their children because they are afraid they might be laughed at, and as a result their boys are brought home with broken arms while playing rough football. But as public opinion does not condemn dirty politics and graft while in office, it is an accepted fact that those in power steal public money; public opinion is like a capricious woman with little logic.

In a village I saw this public opinion in full sway. It was a Sunday afternoon, and on the green were gathered all the young girls of the village. The young men floated around vaguely, dodging behind trees—I caught glimpses of their brown pants and pale-blue shirts. Before them, as far away as possible, stood three couples, one of which was holding hands.

"The village courtship," a Bulgarian friend explained. "No young man can visit a young woman in her home; he has to court her here, and woe to him who once having made his choice tries to change his mind."

It was a pathetic sight—these couples—but perhaps the publicity was more painful to me than to them. Public opinion had worked out this method of courting and of protecting its young women; and later I was told tales of village life, of peasant cupidity and criminality, and I understood the scene on the green. It is natural that with such strict customs, murders over women are common among men. But an even stranger thing is the kidnapping sport, practiced by peasants; if a girl pleases a young man either for her beauty or for her money, and his advances have been repulsed, it is not infrequent for half a dozen young men to come together and to kidnap her for their friend. She is taken to a neighboring village and kept there practically prisoner for a few weeks. By that time she is either willing to marry the man or to be more determined than ever not to do so; she sometimes escapes, and there have been cases of murder at the altar. It is a primitive country with primitive people, and there is a great deal of reason for many of the customs which appear so utterly barbaric.

I thought of our immigrant girls, living in numbers in one room in the crowded East Side of New York, and a sense of pity rose for them; unprepared and utterly defenseless, they land in the United States in the care of questionable relatives, and then are allowed to shift for themselves. Small wonder that so many sink to the bottom. They are never given even a fighting chance. The wonder is that so many develop into decent and honest women.

In an office in Tchirpan where some of the "intellectuals" often foregather to discuss politics and philosophy I met one afternoon a fair-haired man who eloquently attacked materialism and proved that the world was going through a spiritual awakening. As there were several Russians present, the conversation shifted easily from Bulgarian to Russian and back, and his Russian speech showed that he had lived in Russia.

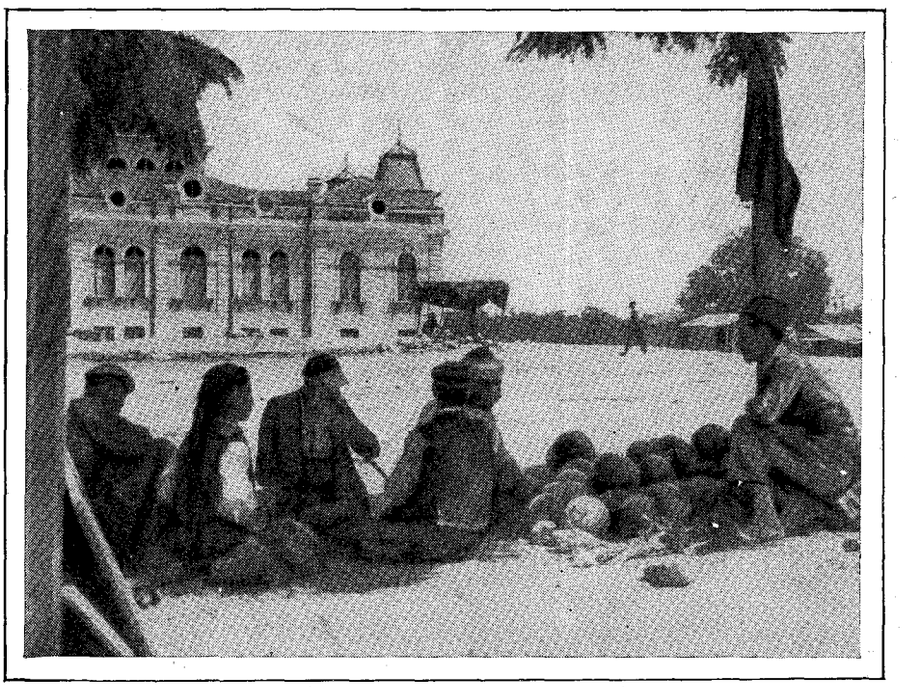
"You've been in America?" he suddenly asked me during a lull in the discussion.

"Yes—just come from there," I answered.

"Perhaps you would like some books to read?" he said in clearest English.

Needless to say, I was surprised and pleased. He told me he had been in the Middle Western States for ten years, going through high school and working in the telephone company. Then he had gone to Russia, and now he kept a little store in Tchirpan. I admitted that books were what I missed most, as I had brought none.

"I have Emerson, Thoreau, Ruskin. Please come and visit my wife and select what you want. I love American writers, who are little known here, and I have many of their writings." He told me that he had not continued his university studies in the United States because he realized they would



MAIN SQUARE OF TCHIRPAN, SHOWING THE AMBITIOUS BANK BUILDING AND TYPICAL WATERMELON SELLERS AND PEASANTS SITTING AROUND IN THE SHADE

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not give him what he needed for his life; but he was always reading, receiving American magazines and carrying to Tchirpan a message of practical Christianity and spirituality. He stood out to me as an apostle of our finest European and American thought, and yet he, too, had been a simple peasant. His philosophy of faith, contentment, and progress was refreshing, and as I listened to his attack on materialism I felt a sense of thankfulness that, after all, here at least was one man who had come through the test of Americanization with brilliant results; he could compare with some of our clearest thinkers.

Then I looked around at the Bulgarians, listening to him with understanding and sympathy, and I felt that there is a big future in the country where such a question can take up men's time.

AN EXPANDING DOCTRINE

BY CONWAY WHITTLE COOKE

ON December 2, 1923, the time-clock of history will register the one hundredth anniversary of President Monroe's annual Message to Congress in which is included the Monroe Doctrine. For a century, then, the Doctrine, for ill or good, has stood before the four winds of heaven.

Strangely enough, we find world conditions to-day in the same condition of chaos that obtained when Monroe gave his Doctrine to the ages. Thus we may with a certain confidence review the history of the Monroe Doctrine during the past century, and analyze its effect upon the politics of both hemispheres and its general application to the present international situation.

In the first place, President Monroe has no large claim in the world of letters. He was not given to rhetorical adventures, and we find no great collection of serious writings bearing his name. Nevertheless few men in American public life have ever more tersely or correctly put down in words the thoughts of their fellow-countrymen. It is not even probable that Monroe ever fully realized how far-reaching, how permanent, and how important his Doctrine was destined to be. But, being fundamentally sound, it has stood the test of time and is now recognized as the keystone in our policy of National defense.

As a matter of fact, the Monroe Doctrine in principle was born with our Nation. President Monroe merely put into the English language a policy which had been in force in America for nearly half a century. It is the self-same policy which caused us to sweep the Mediterranean of the Barbary pirates, to conduct the naval war with France, to clear the Spanish Main of freebooters and buccaneers, and to fight the War of 1812–15 with England. Indeed, the Doctrine is none other than that which caused us to "associate" with the Allies in the war against the Central Powers, which sent Pershing and his doughboys and Sims and his sailors to Europe.

The Doctrine is an elder brother of the Declaration of Independence. It came into our National consciousness at Lexington and Concord. It is a fundamental National truth; more, it is a law of nature. Nature recognized that policy when she put a horn on the rhinoceros's nose and the beak and talons on the eagle. The Doctrine merely put us on record diplomatically; we were actually on record when the first gun of the Revolution was fired.

A nation is not worthy of independence if it takes no steps to defend that independence, and the Doctrine is our policy of defense. We are not alone in this doctrine of defense; every nation that has an armed force sponsors for itself a like doctrine. Stripping the Monroe Doctrine of its polite diplomatic phrases, it is a plain statement that we fought and won our independence, and did so for a purpose, that purpose being the desire "to live and let live," which we consider a proper desire to keep perpetually green; and we are not stingy with that desire, so we have turned it over to the rest of the Western Hemisphere for what it is worth.

Some historians claim that Monroe was not the author of the Doctrine which bears his name. It is credited in some quarters to John Adams, and it is true that its roots extend back to Washington's Neutrality Proclamation when France and England started one of their periodical wars in 1793; even farther back, to Washington's Farewell Address to the Army. Thomas Jefferson, too, earned some credit when he issued his warning against "entangling alliances." Again, before Monroe issued the Doctrine he submitted it to ex-Presidents Jefferson and Adams; thus it was the concrete expression of the administrative branch of the United States Government of the times. But its phraseology is Monroe's. He is unquestionably its author.

Our own War for Independence, while setting up a new political unit, did much more; it set up an opportunity for civilization which the Monroe Doctrine attempts to safeguard.

Hence we are not surprised that from the very first the United States extended its sympathy and an enormous amount of aid to the Latin-American colonies in their wars for independence. President Adams, as a wise Chief Executive should do, proclaimed the neutrality of the United States, but this did not stop active support on the part of our citizens, and even those in high places. Henry Clay, first as a Senator, and then as Secretary of State, gave ten years of his life to intensive activities toward the independence of Latin America. The immediate cause, however, of President Monroe's declaration was the situation in Europe and America caused by the Napoleonic wars and the formation of the Holy Alliance, immediately following those wars, for the suppression of democracy and the rehabilitation and extension of autocracy.

England had developed an enormous trade with Latin America because of the treaty with Spain of 1713, which placed in the hands of the English the sole right to peddle slaves in Latin America. Yet it seemed the better part of wisdom for Britain when Napoleon invaded Spain to abandon the Latin-American colonies to themselves and assist Spain to deal Napoleon a death-blow. Nevertheless at the close of the Napoleonic wars so firmly was British influence established in Latin America that Spain thought it necessary to redouble her efforts to maintain her hold on her American colonies, otherwise they might gradually slip into the British fold.

Then came the secret Treaty of Verona signed by Austria, France, Russia, and Prussia, in which was stated the "Code of Absolutism." This Code acknowledged the divine right of kings; declared that an end must be put to systems of representative government; stated that the liberty of the press, being the most powerful means used by the pretended supporters of the rights of nations, should be suppressed; and pointed out the fact that "the principles of religion contribute most powerfully to keep nations and states in the path of obedience which they owe to their princes," in support of which the aid of the Pope was

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solicited to assist in maintaining religious rule. To further their ends the Holy Alliance agreed that Spain and Portugal should be granted 20,000,000 francs a year to maintain their kingdoms and retain control of their colonies.

Surreptitious aid to and recognition of the belligerent rights of the revolting Spanish colonies brought down upon the head of the United States the condemnation of the Holy Alliance, and, as a first move to put a stop to the progress of liberalism wherever found, Russia began an encroachment on our northwest boundaries, while the Holy Alliance and the other European Powers adhering thereto took steps to restore to Spain her lost colonies in America.

At this turn of affairs the United States declared that, "with the exception of the British establishments north of the United States, the remainder of both the American continents must henceforth be left to the management of American hands." And, upon France evolving a plan to place princes of her restored Bourbon family over the Spanish-American colonies, our Minister at the Court of St. James's, Mr. Rush, proposed to the British Foreign Office that the two countries jointly oppose such a move. This brought from George Canning the reply that "the recovery of the colonies by Spain was hopeless," that "England aimed at no possession of them herself," and that England would throw no impediment in the way of the Latin Americas and the mother country getting together by amicable negotiations, but that she "could not see any portion of them transferred to any other Power with indifference." The Rush negotiations, instead of uniting us with Great Britain in an alliance against France, brought forth the Monroe Doctrine, a notice to Great Britain as well as the rest of the world to "keep off" and let the Americas work out their own destiny.

The passage in President Monroe's Message to Congress in 1823 which announced the Monroe Doctrine

IN the discussions to which this interest has given rise and in the arrangements by which they may terminate, the occasion has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Powers.

In the wars of the European Powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied Powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments; and to the defense of our own. . . . We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European Power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

In the essentials what President Monroe actually stated in the Doctrine, rather startling in that day and generation, follows:

> The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Powers. . . .
>
> With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European Power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

Despite the necessity, Congress emphatically refused to pass resolutions containing the Monroe Doctrine. England came to an understanding with France, recognized the young Latin-American republics, and told us that she considered her rights to colonize all unoccupied lands in the Americas still held good; while Monroe himself told the "Congress of American Nations" called together in Panama in 1826 by General Simon Bolivar, the George Washington of South America: "Each will guard by its own means against the establishment of any future European colony within its borders."

Still worse, Congress passed a resolution stating that "the United States ought not to be represented at the Congress of Panama except in a diplomatic character, nor form any alliance, defensive or offensive; nor become a part to any joint declaration for the purpose of preventing interference of any of the European Powers with their independence, or for the purpose of preventing colonization upon the continents of America."

Any sting in the Monroe Doctrine was thus pulled out before it had been in existence three years, and that spineless attitude toward the Doctrine by its author and legislative supporters has had more to do with misunderstandings between the United States and Latin America than any other one thing in our history.

Our action with respect to the Monroe Doctrine was further clouded by the issues connected with a canal across Central America. Misunderstandings with England in Caribbean waters and in Central American affairs nearly resulted in war, which, however, was shunted to one side by the shameless Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of April 19, 1850, whereby England was left in possession of all she

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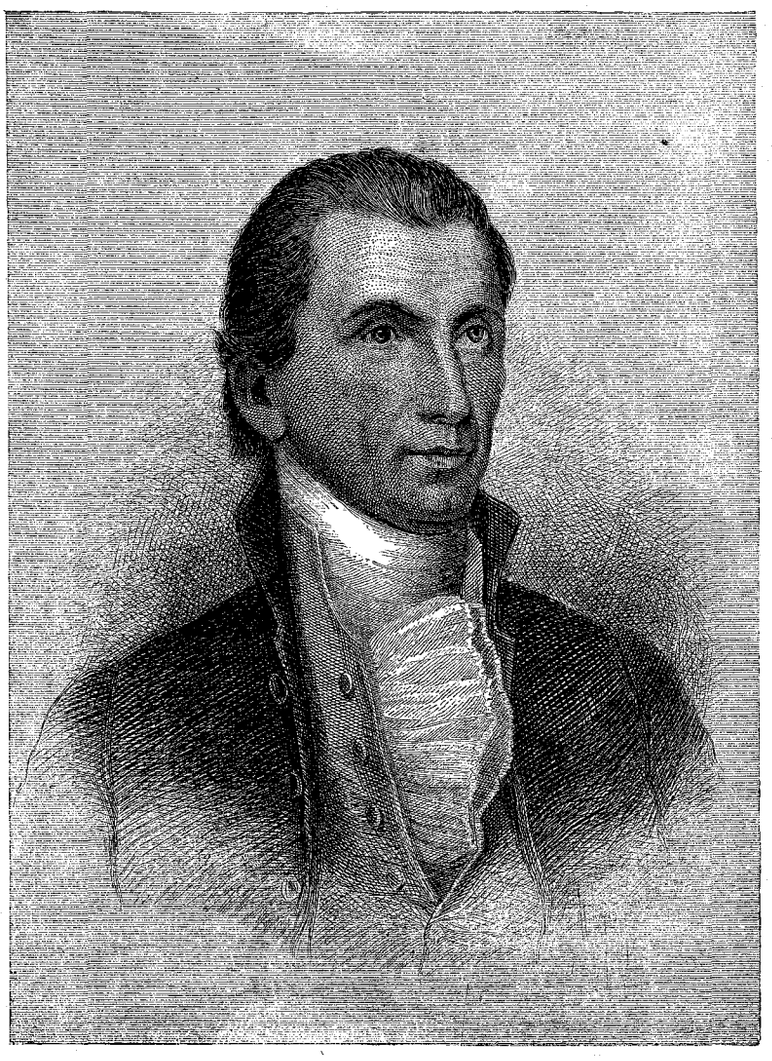

James Monroe

WHOSE ADDRESS TO CONGRESS CRYSTALLIZED A FUNDAMENTAL AMERICAN CONCEPT

claimed in Latin America, while the United States was excluded from Central America forever, with the proviso that should a canal under any terms be built by us we must guarantee its neutrality with Great Britain, even to the extent of holding it open to our enemies.

Opportunity after opportunity was thus lost to us to build a canal because of the terms of this treaty, while British aggression was permitted to go on apace, inasmuch as Great Britain refused to consider the Monroe Doctrine as being based upon international law. We kept shouting the Doctrine to the world, but would not fight for it.

Small wonder that our weak-kneed support of the Doctrine bred mistrust, suspicion, and downright worry on the part of Latin America concerning our application of the principles involved when Latin-American affairs were the issue. Nevertheless our various Administrations have reiterated Monroe's pronouncements and called into international diplomacy the policy underlying the Doctrine. And to good purpose, for the Doctrine, sometimes backed by a show of force, finally drove the French out of Mexico, stopped British and German land-grabbing in Venezuela, and forced Great Britain to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty in favor of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty of 1901. This last treaty enabled the United States to build the Panama Canal. Yet it was not until the Versailles Treaty that general recognition of the Monroe Doctrine was officially forthcoming. All the nations signatory to that Treaty now recognize it as a potent factor in international affairs.

In Latin America alone there still exists animosity toward the Monroe Doctrine. Before the Panama episode Latin America had generally looked upon the Doctrine as a measure of protection. Since that time, however, it has seemed to some of our southern neighbors that it is nothing more than an imperialistic "big stick" held over their shoulders. On the contrary, the Doctrine was promulgated to the world and has since been maintained for no other purpose than to protect this continent from the aggressions of European imperialism, and during its existence it has been the main bulwark and at times the only guaranty of the liberty of those countries comprising Latin America. It is an undeniable truth that Latin-American countries have derived their constitutions, their methods of government, and much of their prosperity from us. Far from detracting from the sovereignty of Latin-American republics, the Monroe Doctrine has enriched, stabilized, and guaranteed that sovereignty.

Hence we have no other desire than to see the republics in Central and South America develop along the lines of political order and individual liberty, that the Western Hemisphere may be the home and exponent of democratic ideals of political thought as opposed to the autocratic imperialistic ambitions which have rocked European civilization to the foundations and left Europe a political madhouse. Not domination, not coercion, not meddlesome interference, but the heartiest co-operation in the development of civilization's choicest ideals is the intercourse which we desire with Latin America.

It appears, then, considering present conditions in Europe, that the Monroe Doctrine takes on more importance as time goes on; that because of the rise of fanatic Socialism, Bolshevism, dictatorships, and disruptive social upheavals in Europe we must hold fast to the Doctrine as a factor in the welfare of the Americas. Not only must we oppose aggression from without, but we must strangle and trample out of existence attacks from within in order that freedom and the general welfare shall be protected.

This leads to the thought that for the next hundred years, and as long as time shall endure, the Doctrine must be maintained, and, in addition, we must apply its principles to the social, economic, and political solidarity of the American republics. This means a more complete realization of the movement, sponsored by the Doctrine, called Pan-Americanism. The nations of this hemisphere have so much in common that they, perforce, must undertake more complete co-operation in a joint development of the resources of North and South America for the benefit of Americans. While we have been watchful with respect to European territorial encroachments, we have permitted "peaceful penetration" by European nations in Latin America through investment and colonization. The time has arrived for the United States to enter Latin America on a co-operative investment basis, making the Americas a self-supporting, self-contained community of nations. This is the essence of the Monroe Doctrine of the future.

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THE NEW SAHARA

BY OSCAR LEWIS

ONE listens with surprise to the statement—often made in North Africa—that the mystery and romance of the Sahara are passing. Even in a world full of change we had yet come to regard the great African desert as somehow unchanging and unchangeable, as defying by its very vastness the puny powers of man. Yet no one can visit even the outer fringes of the desert to-day without realizing that the Sahara no longer answers the descriptions in the old school geographies, and without foreseeing that still greater changes are presently to occur.

Even before personal acquaintance with the desert begins, while one has yet to see its nearest frontiers, it becomes necessary to revise some preconceived notions. The picture, long treasured in the mind, of the first glimpse of the Sahara, to be had, you decide beforehand, at sunset and at the end of the second day of travel from some outpost of civilization—this is the first dream to be brushed aside. For it is not necessary to travel even one day from civilization in order to view the Sahara. It is not necessary to leave civilization at all. So far as material comfort goes, as what we know by the name of modern conveniences, civilization has been brought to the desert.

The traveler to the Sahara gets on an excellent train at Algiers. He sleeps in a sleeping-car as he thunders across the plateaus and through the mountain ranges of North Africa, and he breakfasts the next morning in a diner. And by luncheon that same day he is there; he is rolling due south through the desert and neglecting his *hors-d'œuvre* at sight of his first caravan of camels.

A few hours later he reaches the oasis which is the terminus of the railway. Buses and cabs wait at the station to convey him to comfortable, and even luxurious, hotels; an orchestra will play for him at dinner that night. Later, if he cares to, he may walk a hundred yards through an unchanged and barbaric native quarter and find himself facing the ghostly, sleeping, illimitable desert. Or he may walk fifty yards in another direction and go to a movie.

Not all oases of the Sahara, assuredly, are like this. Not all of them can be reached by express trains with sleeping-cars and diners, and there are still hotels in the Sahara where one must do without an orchestra at dinner, or oases without the hotels themselves—even, perhaps, without the dinner.

This particular oasis, though not typical of the Sahara, is interesting. It is a show-place. One of the chief aims of its existence during the four cool months is to so conduct itself that the hundreds of tourists who pour down from the north shall be supplied with their accustomed hotels and orchestras and yet have preserved the illusion that here they are rubbing shoulders with a new civilization; that Arab life, raw and untouched, is going on about them. It is a difficult rôle, and Biskra plays it well.

But Biskra, again, is not the desert. It is neither the desert of the past nor a fair example of what the desert is going to be in the future. It is a unique phenomenon, and a passing one. Already the signs of its passing are appearing. Biskra is no longer the last outpost of modern improvements in the Sahara. A new railway, also with sleeping-cars and dining-cars, has been constructed. Biskra is likewise the terminus of this line, but its "civilized," not its frontier, terminus. Its other end—at present—lies two hundred and twelve kilometers due south toward the heart of the Sahara, at another oasis, Touggourt. Already the tourists, four days from London, who "want to live the life of the desert" pause at Biskra only long enough to shift themselves and their trunks and hat-boxes from one train to another.

Thus, while Touggourt by a natural and inevitable sequence becomes a second Biskra, Biskra itself in the course of time may develop into something more important, and even, perhaps, more interesting. It may become the first metropolis of the New Sahara; a town neither Arabic nor European, but a skillful combination of the two, adapting the comfort, utility, hygiene, of a modern European town to the special conditions, climatic and commercial, of the desert.

Already, under its surface similarity to a circus side-show, Biskra has made a substantial step in this direction. Sweep away its hordes of guides and souvenir venders, its commercial dance-halls and Ouled Nail girls, its groups of tourists endlessly riding camels at ten francs an hour around and around the same streets of the Old Town, its "camp a night in the desert" agencies—sweep these away, and it will be seen that Biskra, with its straight, paved streets, its cool plazas, its rows of modern buildings, solidly built, with an eye alike to their commercial utility and the climate of the desert, has already made no inconsiderable progress. And the progress has been in the direction which all towns of the New Sahara must ultimately travel.

A glance at a map will show that nearly all the vast area of the Sahara is tinted in the color of France. The problem of the future of the Sahara, hence, is France's problem. There are not many unprejudiced observers who will deny that it is in good hands, but the problem of course has scarcely been touched. In the immensity of the Sahara there are huge blocks of territory that have never even been seen by a member of the conquering nation. There are tribes, self-contained and self-governing, which live in profound ignorance of the fact that they are a subject people ruled by a French Governor-General of whom they have never heard. It is true that over vastly the greater part of the Sahara the influence of the French occupation as yet has hardly made itself felt. But the measure of French success is to be found, not in the tremendous things that must yet be done, but by an examination of what in the short time the occupation has been in effect has already been accomplished.

If the present-day traveler, riding into the desert on his excellently appointed train, cares to amuse himself by a picture of the romance of progress, he has only to sit up in his comfortable berth and reflect upon the fact that ninety years ago Algiers, that stupendous metropolis of North Africa, as French to-day as the Place de l'Opéra, was a pirate stronghold. It was the base of operations for a fleet of outlaw craft that swarmed over the Mediterranean and exacted tribute from every maritime nation as a price of immunity. This is the modern story of North Africa: Ninety years ago its seaport metropolis, its most enlightened city, a nest of pirates; to-day, railway trains, highroads, modern cities, extend far back to the interior plateaus, and beyond these into the desert itself. Even in western America, where decades often count for centuries, we have no story of progress to exceed this.

The change was not accomplished without mistakes and without costs. Unlike America, it was no diffuse population of simple aboriginal tribes that had to be contended with. The Arabs were not displaced, they were subjugated; and, while the experience of being a subject race was not a new one, they assumed the rôle only after a long and bitter struggle, a struggle that did not always reflect with entire credit either upon the military skill of the French or upon their diplomacy. It can be said that during the first third of the ninety years the French

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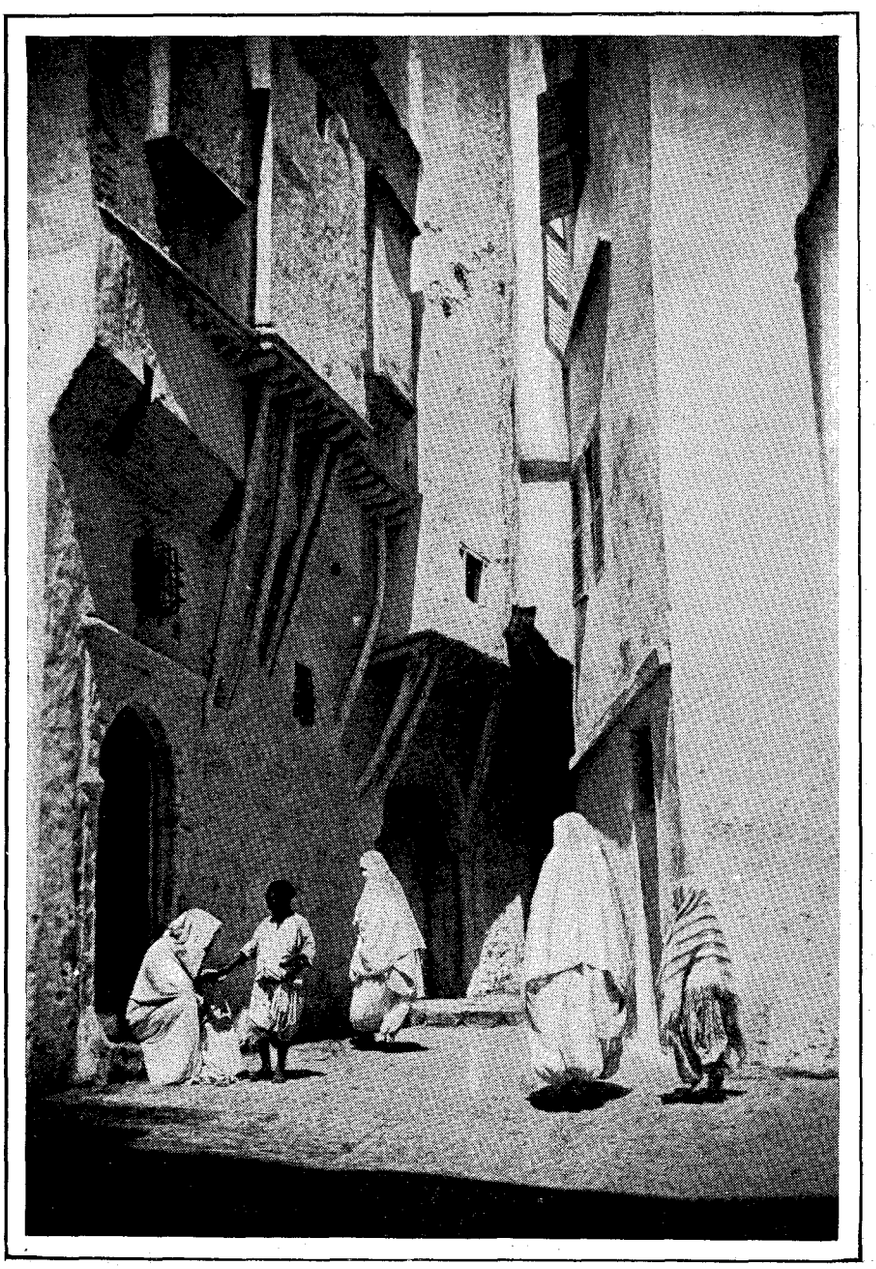
have been in North Africa their dealings with the native population and the setting in motion of their own plans of colonization met with no great success. It was this period that was responsible for the myth—a myth which still persists—that the French as a nation are unfitted temperamentally for the delicate task of administering colonial possessions, and that the Frenchman as an individual when he essayed the rôle of colonist was a sight to cause laughter among the gods. He was always represented at the time as a melancholy and tragic figure, neglecting his weedy vineyards while he sat in the village cafés weeping into his absinthe and dreaming of Paris. But the experiment now has run its course, and the error of both these picturesque conceptions of French character has been disproved.

And nowhere was his abilities as organizer, his willingness to employ new methods to meet new conditions, more abundantly demonstrated than when, having brought about order in the district that lay between the Sahara and the sea, he presently gave his attention to the vast problem of the desert itself. The very immensity of its area, the tremendous distances to be covered under the most trying of physical and climatic conditions, rendered the task of imposing the rule of France upon its scattered, warlike tribes, its bands of nomadic brigands, one to test every faculty of ingenuity, every quality of courage and endurance and adaptability, on the part of the French. If this work has not yet been completed, it can, at any rate, be said that the desert to-day is in reality as well as in theory a French possession.

But while the military phase of the occupation is passing, its more interesting period of internal reorganization and commercial development can hardly be said to have begun. It is difficult, however, to picture the possibilities of the Sahara's future until some persisting superstitions in regard to the nature of the desert itself have been removed.



THE ARAB QUARTER OF A NORTH AFRICAN TOWN

We have inherited from the school geographies of half a century ago a picture of the Sahara—confirmed by numberless novels and motion pictures—as a vast waste of shifting sand-dunes, inhabited by camels and tawny lions, and dotted here and there by the picturesque camps of the Good Samaritans so necessary to the plans of novelists and scenario writers. It will surprise many readers to learn that sand-dunes form a very tiny part of the Sahara, that the characteristic formation, comprising more than three-fourths of its area, is not that of a flat plain, but of low, rocky mountain chains and rugged plateaus.

But other and even greater sacrifices of old beliefs must be made at the altar of truth, as revealed by modern exploration. No part of the Sahara is, within the meaning usually ascribed to the word, a desert—that is, no part of its vast area is completely sterile, no part is without at least occasional rainfall, and on the sand-dunes, and even on the rocky wastes of the hills and plateaus, vegetation of some sort always exists.

But, having destroyed the ancient legend of the Sahara as a picturesque but utterly barren expanse of territory, the temptation is strong now to rush to the other extreme and claim extravagantly that only the touch of man is required to transform it, from the Atlantic to the Nile, into one stupendous blossoming garden. The French, particularly the French colonists in North Africa, are an enthusiastic and optimistic people, and they have not wholly succeeded in resisting this temptation. In spite, however, of natural and insurmountable difficulties of soil, of water supply, and of climate, which will prevent the Sahara ever from supporting a large population in comparison to its size, there can be no doubt that during the next few generations a stupendous development will occur.

The beginnings have already been made. Security, the first requisite to successful colonization, has almost everywhere been attained. The thoughts and energies of the French, therefore, long occupied by extending and consolidating their military hold upon the desert, have now been diverted to the almost equally adventurous problems of peaceful development.

One example will serve to illustrate the romantic and adventurous side of this new campaign. Throughout the desert water of course is the key to

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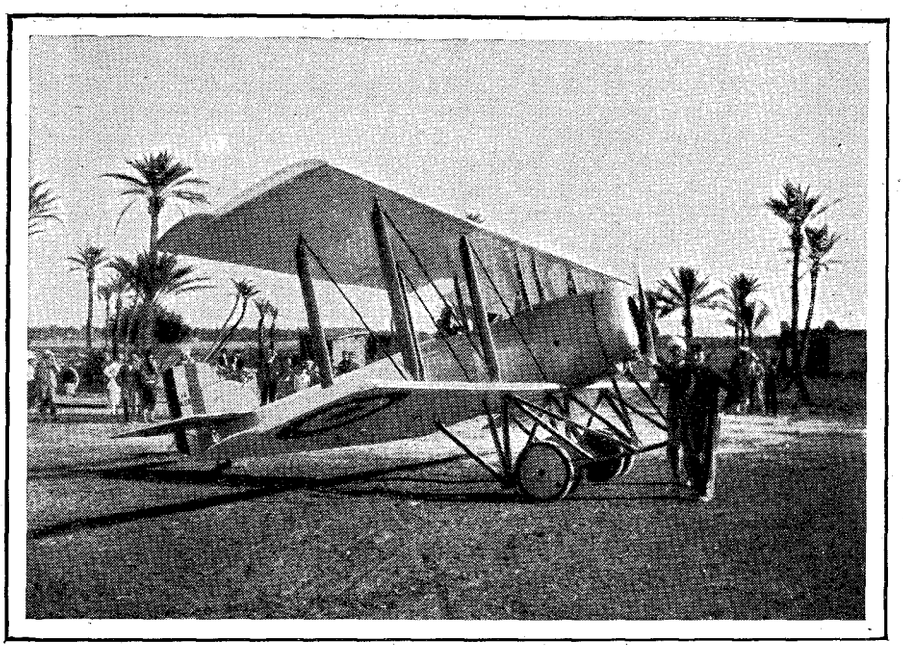

AN AIRPLANE READY FOR A FLIGHT OVER THE SAHARA, AT BISKRA, SOUTHERN ALGERIA

all things; where water exists there is life, fertility, productivity. And the extent of this area of animation depends with mathematical precision upon the amount of water making its way to the surface at that point. To increase the flow of existing springs and to create new springs and new oases was one of the first problems to claim the attention of French engineers.

An incident that was not without its elements of drama occurred during the very first of these experiments. The enginers, after a study of several oases in the desert of South Algeria, concluded that they all must be fed from the same source—by a subterranean stream which, flowing not far beneath the surface, passed through the district. From the formation of the land the engineers were able to judge accurately the course this buried stream must take, and at one point, far from any existing surface water, they determined to sink a shaft, hoping it would tap the hidden channel below. Drilling machinery was brought out into the desert and the work began. It continued day after day; natives, suspicious and half hostile, clustering about, jeering at the folly of this obscure enterprise set up in the midst of the waterless desert. Nearly a month the work continued; then, to the incredulous wonder of the spectators, the hidden channel was reached and a veritable flood of life-giving water gushed to the surface.

A new oasis had been created, an oasis which within a few years was covered by a forest of tufted date palms, by a village of flat roofs and earthen walls, by herds of camels and goats. Merely by sinking a hole in the desert a new unit of life had been created, a community complete in itself and economically self-sustaining. This wonder has been repeated again and again in the desert; new settlements have been created, and the borders of existing oases have been extended manyfold.

There is another problem in connection with the conquest of the Sahara—that of transportation—which has in it elements no less adventurous. There has always been a romantic flavor about travel in the Sahara; no one can escape this who has, for instance, witnessed the arrival of a caravan at an oasis. The slow, swaying column of laden camels appears from beyond the illimitable horizon, moves to the edge of the settlement, and there, in the gathering darkness, makes quiet camp. It is all very quiet and very mysterious. The next morning it passes on, still silent and romantic, beyond the opposite horizon toward its unknown destination. It is the camel alone which for centuries has made possible Saharan travel, and the French, of necessity, have had to depend heavily upon its aid in all their enterprises. But their eyes have all the while been fixed upon more rapid, more dependable, means of transportation. Already at several points they have pushed railways south for some hundreds of miles. But in the vastness of the Sahara these efforts seem puny enough, and some years ago a scheme was proposed which by its magnitude and daring captured the imagination of the French people. The project was no less than that of linking Algeria by means of a trans-Saharan railway with the French colonies of West Africa. The French people, ever enthusiastic supporters of vast engineering enterprises, have defended the scheme stoutly, and there can be no doubt that eventually this tremendous scheme will be carried through.

The plan is to continue the present line in South Algeria, which ends at Touggourt, southwest through the immense heart of the Sahara, to Timbuctoo, on the opposite edge of the desert, nearly twenty-five hundred miles distant. Twenty-five hundred miles, a distance equal to that from New York to Denver, through a barren, almost uninhabited waste; the prospects for the commercial success of this line do not at first sight seem good. But there are advantages not at once obvious; the existence of the railway undoubtedly would open up the Sahara to a new era of development, agricultural and mineral; France's large possessions in tropical West Africa would experience a similar awakening through the existence of railway communication with the Mediterranean; and, lastly, a trans-Saharan line connecting at Timbuctoo with a railway to the South Atlantic would shorten by many days the mail routes to Cape Town and to South America.

But the trans-Saharan railway will not spring into existence at once; years must necessarily elapse before it can be a reality. Meantime the French have been experimenting with another means of desert transportation. In the fall of 1922 great interest was aroused throughout France by a projected new experiment, that of attempting to cross the Sahara in a caravan of motor cars specially equipped with caterpillar tractor attachments instead of the usual rear wheels. In preliminary experiments with the deep sands and rocky, roadless surface of the desert, these caterpillar cars had shown themselves extraordinarily capable, and when the caravan started at length upon its immense and lonely journey there were hopes that at last the camel had been supplanted. Equipped with wireless, the cars reported their daily progress; the slow, day-by-day advance toward Timbuctoo was watched in France with the closest interest. Maps appeared daily in the Paris newspapers showing their progress, and when at length word was received that the dusty caravan had arrived, that the desert had been crossed, enthusiasm was everywhere manifested, everywhere one could see pictures of the triumphant expedition.

It is too early as yet to estimate the effect that this last conquest of the Sahara will have. It is, however, another link in the chain of progress that is gradually abolishing the old obstructions and clearing the road for the entry of the New Sahara into a position of more importance in the world.

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THE POOR KING'S DAUGHTER

BY ALINE KILMER

HAD I been bred to spinning,
I might have spun
From the cold break of day
To the night's beginning.
For my own slow weaving
I might have spun a thread
Fit for the robe of a king's daughter
Or a shroud to wind the dead.

But now my hands are idle:
Idly I go,
With flamboys borne before me
To dance at birth or bridal;
And it takes twelve maidens
To robe me for my sleep,
And fifty gallant gentlemen
To guard my empty keep.

ONE-MAN DECISIONS OR COMMITTEE-MADE COMPROMISES?

ARE AMERICAN BUSINESS MEN LOSING THEIR SELF-RELIANCE?

LOOK below the title, and you will note that this article is unsigned.

There is abundant excuse.

In order to talk frankly, in ungloved fashion, about a certain tendency I have seen developing in business practice and to support the criticisms I want to make I need to tell actual instances and incidents. Were I to sign my name, some of the individuals in the quoted instances would almost certainly identify themselves. With these men I have no bone to pick. My quarrel is with a system which they have allowed to master them.

If there was any single characteristic which marked the outstanding leaders in previous generations in American commerce, industry, and finance, it was self-reliance. Each made his own decisions, assumed entire responsibility for the outcome, and gladly accepted—or rather, insisted upon—the full burden of leadership.

To-day a quite different system is in vogue. That system is the "conference" plan of management, working variously through "managing boards," "sales committees," "managers' committees," and all the other devices which place the policies and actions of a business concern under group control.

It is exactly as if Napoleon had surrendered his responsibilities to a Board of Strategy composed of subordinates.

Let me say here, in explanation of what follows, that my work has taken me into a score or more of business institutions where I am intimately received and can see "the wheels go round" in the formulation of policies. In some of these institutions I have sat in session with the very "committees" which I must criticise. Nor are these institutions small, struggling, or inexperienced. All are concerns selling from coast to coast, and every reader would recognize one or more of the names could they be mentioned here.

What I have seen in these sessions has convinced me that the conference system of management is dangerous, even though the danger lies not in the theory behind it but in the usual method of its application. Please reread that statement, because it is my whole text.

The two schools of business management can be well expressed by a pair of well-known sayings which are diametrically opposed. The one says, "A business institution is the lengthened shadow of one man." That is the foundation on which American business history has been built. The other reads, "Two heads are better than one." This is the theory which is behind most modern management.

Superficially, then, I appear to be fighting the latest development in business progress. Actually, I would be the last to argue that it is unwise, when time permits, to allow the qualified individuals in a business organization to contribute their counsel before a vital or far-reaching decision is made.

Let's have as many wise heads as possible submit their reasons and recommendations. Then let's have *one man make the decision.*

Do you grasp the wide distinction?

Committees don't decide—they compromise.

A year ago this spring I sat "in conference" in the president's office of a plant whose products sell to all the continents. At the head of the table sat the man who, by twenty hard-fought years of untiring personal effort, had built the structure. Down the sides of the table were his lieutenants, mature men whom he had brought into the institution from time to time to take over portions of its complex responsibilities, but men who were at best only detail men when compared to their chief. The decision to be made concerned a sales opportunity open to the company only if grasped quickly. It was the third session on the same topic within a week.

In his kindly manner the president summarized and patiently explained his views again, laboring to convince his associates. The meeting dragged on and on. Finally the decision was put to a vote. Two votes blackballed it—the factory manager's and that of the sales head of another department. Under the committee system, their two unqualified opinions made unanimous action impossible, and the president refused to wield the whip.

A business opportunity was sacrificed that day to the faulty judgment of two men whose titles gave them voice on matters beyond their experience, abetted by a too kindly man's desire to have perfect unanimity behind every policy.

Such outcomes, I have found, are too often the result of committees and committee action. It has been my observance that after a period of dependence on committee approval heads of businesses appear to lose reliance and confidence in their own judgment. They become timorous or else refuse to overrule their associates because of an unwillingness to appear "hard-boiled" and create ill feeling. And the business suffers.

I know another business which grew remarkably until seven years ago, when committees were instituted. I was present one day when the head of that business said to his associates in regard to an important policy, "I give up. I've tried for a year to make you fellows see the light, but I can't fight any longer." Shortly after committee government began, that business started to slip. It slid slowly but steadily backward year by year until this spring when a subordinate, more willing to risk antagonism, began to

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take decisions into his own hands and force the committees into the background, where they were no longer dangerous. Now, with one-man control again in force and wobbly committee-made policies a thing of the past, the company's stock is again climbing upward point by point, almost instantly reflecting the reversal in method of management.

Another president of my acquaintance once conceived a new and striking sales policy planned to win the active support of the most important group of his present and potential distributers. He called in his advertising counsel, who was quickly enthusiastic, and asked that a tentative announcement to the trade be prepared. It was soon ready, and a conference of the managing committee was called to discuss the proposed policy.

The sense of the meeting was that the new policy was well worth adoption "if." And then the "ifs" followed.

This plank was modified. The next was eliminated. A third was changed "slightly." Like a political platform, when it was finally passed by the board its original author couldn't have recognized it. Then the advertising counselor won the displeasure of all the amendment contributors by flatfootedly refusing to be responsible for any announcement of so patched and mutilated a policy.

The conference ended shortly thereafter with the proposed innovation tabled indefinitely. Within a very few weeks later the committee which had killed the idea had the dubious pleasure of seeing a competitor announce the proposed policy and win a prompt and profitable response in increased sales.

I know of another "managing committee" where the vice-president is so jealous of the secretary that the latter is compelled to arrange so that all of his suggestions shall be first voiced by some one of the other members. Any other method rouses the vice-president to immediate and unyielding antagonism and promptly splits the committee. In this instance the vice-president is a man of National prominence, invaluable to the company in his individual specialty, and an influential stockholder as well; but it also happens that he is a man poorly informed on almost every problem outside of his own immediate province.

A committee at its worst is a committee aligned in inflexible factions. A certain Nationally prominent combine, for example, has marked time for years simply because the managing board, which is composed of one representative each of the original companies, is shot through with suspicion and distrust. No progressive policies, no changes from past routine, can be adopted while this condition continues. If a single strong individual had been vested with a reasonable part of that committee's authority, he could have made the institution's history read quite differently. Fortunately, the second generation realizes the situation and is already developing an *entente cordiale* which promises a quick improvement when the younger element finally comes into the saddle.

It would be fairly easy to go on and on quoting further characteristic failures of committees to function profitably, but it would be unnecessary and tiresome to pile up additional evidence. We all know only too well from political history that taking a vote does not guarantee intelligent selections or sound decisions. Merely because a vote is on a smaller scale does not assure wise action.

A simple catalogue of the dangers arising from committee management may, however, prove food for thought. We need not take space to illustrate each with an example "from life." My own experience goes to show that every one of the dangers listed here is so common that it will pay any concern operating under the conference system to be on continual guard against them all.

In the first place, committees rarely decide—they compromise. As a result, a committee-made policy is very apt to lack clear-cut clarity and force. The tendency to compromise is probably the most serious indictment against the committee method. Where a strong man would grasp a nettle firmly, a committee toys with it.

A committee is, by very nature, unwieldy, and hence slow in action. Therefore it is usually unfitted either to meet a sudden emergency or to grasp an opportunity which demands an immediate decision. Committees palaver while Rome is burning.

Committees—like mass-meetings—are more apt to be dominated by the plausible talker than by the sound thinker. A clever, adaptable debater often negatives the constructive study and research of several better qualified members not so glib and persuasive in their conversation. In swaying committees the gift of gab is more to be desired than sound logic.

Committees, being human, play internal politics and (sometimes quite unconsciously) bargain for votes. Tom supports Dick's proposal this week, not because Tom has any whole-souled conviction of its value, but because he doesn't want to alienate Dick's support next week when his own pet suggestion will come up for discussion. And Harry opposes Dick because last week Dick threw cold water on Harry's proposal.

Committees do not hew inflexibly to an established line—they waver, amend, and reverse themselves. The policy that spells success in the long haul but calls for a hard fight on the way is rarely formulated and maintained by a committee. Whenever business precedents are upset and conquered, you'll almost invariably find that it was one-man vision that sensed the opportunity and one-man backbone that fought the uphill fight. (A "committee" tried to induce Henry Ford to make higher-priced cars!)

Committees waste time. Starting out sincerely and with the best intentions as businesslike bodies, they soon allow their meetings to degenerate into endless discussions of petty topics or else into a lifeless and uninspiring routine. This is most true of committees which meet on a set and frequent schedule.

Committee meetings are expensive. A wise executive computes the hour-cost of a committee's salaries and overhead and then, before calling a meeting, attempts to estimate whether that meeting can be reasonably expected to repay its cost. A two-hour conference of five executives whose salaries average $5,000 a year costs in the neighborhood of $50 if both salaries and overhead are taken into consideration. If, in addition, the meeting penalizes other work in process, the cost goes proportionately higher.

Too many cooks—too many conflicting interests—too many dissimilar viewpoints—have spoiled too many broths.

Committee management suffers from the same scarcely to be avoided handicap.

Committee *counsel* is quite another matter.

Of the concerns which I know intimately the most ably managed are almost without exception headed by men who call conferences as often as the situation makes it desirable, listen carefully to all opinions and suggestions submitted, and then, after weighing the conference's contributions, personally decide what shall be done. In each instance a strong man utilizes all that his committees have to offer, but reserves the right of decision to himself.

One-man decisions or committee-made compromises?

There will always be mistakes under either system, but from what I have seen of the two I would rather, as a stockholder, have one able, forceful man, unafraid of responsibility, making strong decisions than to have a committee dallying, disputing, bargaining, and compromising about my property.

Committees for counsel—one man for decisions!

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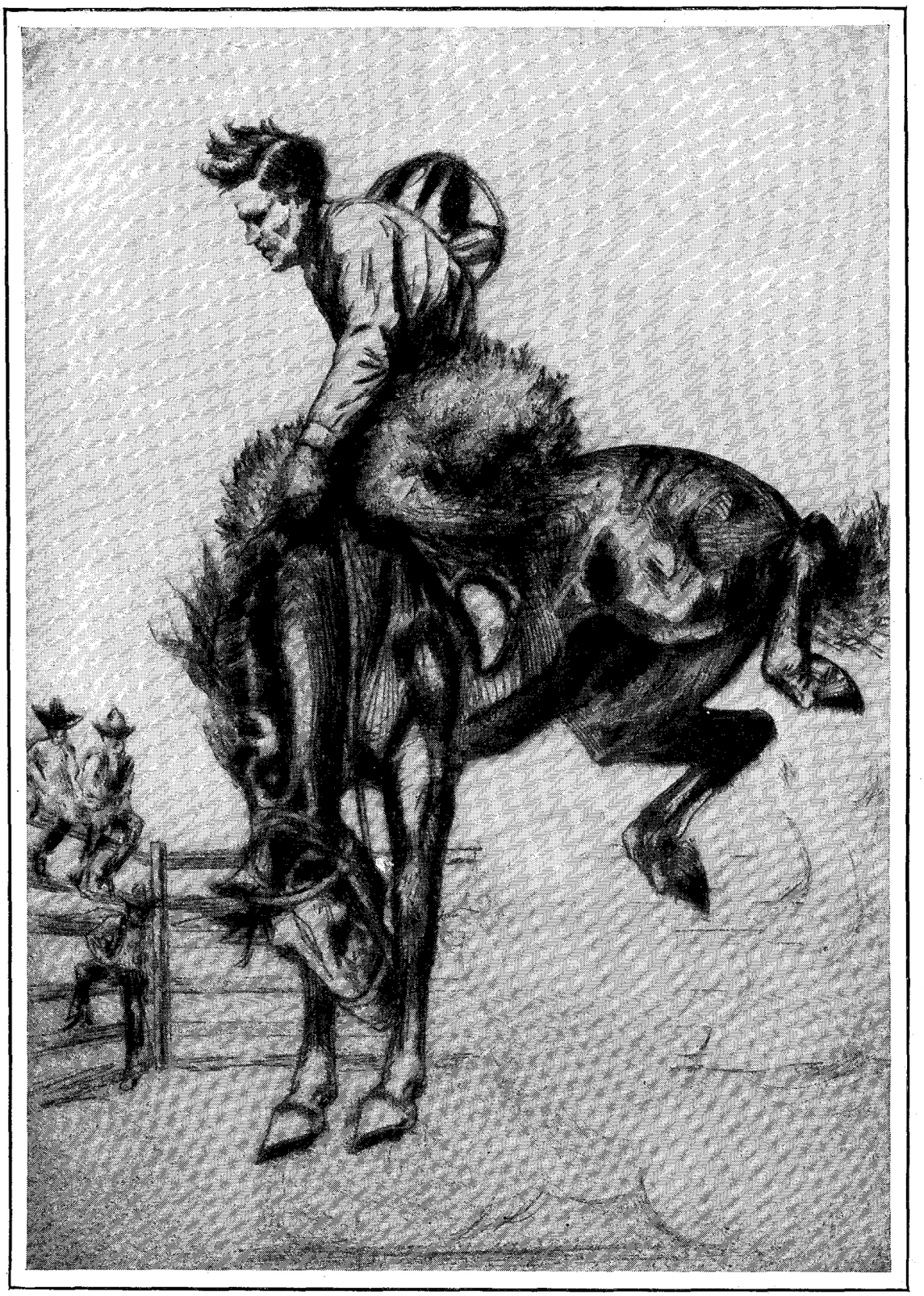
READY FOR THE RODEO



RIDING A WILD HORSE

This etching is by Henry Ziegler, "The Cowboy Etcher." He is a Texan by birth, born on a ranch and coming naturally by his love of the horse. As a soldier in France he was inspired by French art exhibitions, which he saw while absent on leave, to study painting. Later he entered Mr. Joseph Pennell's class in etching at the Art Students' League in New York City, where he is still studying

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THE BOOK TABLE

A DELINEATOR OF SMALL SOULS

BY ARNOLD MULDER

LOUIS COUPERUS was unfortunate enough to be born in a little country that counts only seven million inhabitants and in which the edition of a new novelist's books is seldom over a thousand copies. Although the Netherlands has island possessions with a population of over fifty million, the number of those who can read Dutch literature or at least appreciate the work of a delicate artist like Couperus is necessarily small. During the greater part of his life Couperus was a writer confined within the cramping walls of a language which, in spite of its beauty and vigor, is comprehensible to only a handful of the earth's people. Had he been born in France or in Russia or in Germany or in England or in America, assuming that in every other respect he had been the same as now, it is inconceivable that he would not have been classed with the names that are known around the world.

Consider the case of a writer in a small country. Even at very best his audience is extremely small. He does not make much of a stir in the world, and unless some publisher or translator with imagination takes him up he is left in obscurity so far as the outside world is concerned, no matter what the quality of his work may be. This is so true of the writers of the Netherlands that a number of them, as, for instance, Maarten Maartens, chose to write in English or French. And who can believe that Joseph Conrad could have his present enormous reputation throughout the world if he had written his books in Polish, his native tongue?

And here was Louis Couperus, unquestionably a major novelist of the world, hidden away in the Dutch language, worshiped by a small body of readers who were fortunate enough to be master of that tongue, but unknown to the rest of the world during nearly the whole of his career. It was probably not more than half a dozen years before his untimely death in July of this year that he was available for readers of English;[1] and, since it took some time after his introduction to England and America before he became known in the new tongue, it is not surprising that even now millions of Americans and Englishmen have never heard of him.

I had been priding myself on the thought that I could pick the winner of a Nobel prize for literature some years before the judges found him. And I had picked Couperus. If Knut Hamsun had not written "Growth of the Soil," it is questionable if he would have become a Nobel prize winner. And I was looking to Couperus to produce a book or books that would make the choice inevitable. He was sixty years old. Many men do their most seasoned work after sixty. Moreover, all his life he had been cramped by a language read by comparatively few; now he was getting the backwash of world-wide appreciation with his translation into English. Writers often are like speakers—power comes to them from their audience; and what more natural than to expect that the exhilaration of a world-wide appreciation would stimulate this sensitive Dutch artist to efforts that would make him surpass himself and would win for him and for his country the coveted reward?

I had begun almost to count on that book that would compel the attention of those who have the giving of the Nobel prize for literature; and then a two-and-a-half-line item on the financial page of a morning newspaper announced his death! He cannot even be considered now under the terms of the will of Alfred Nobel, a living writer being required; and even if he could be considered, I am far from asserting that he had as yet done work that entitled him to that recognition. But he seemed to me potentially a Nobel prize winner.

Courtesy of Dodd, Mead & Co.

LOUIS COUPERUS

Like Kipling, the product of two civilizations

It is a curious fact that Couperus was the product of two civilizations, as were Kipling, Thackeray, and a number of other writers who count. In him the East and the West met, as Kipling said they never could meet and as they met in Kipling himself, as if in ironic refutation of his own famous pronouncement. Born in The Hague, Couperus spent much of his boyhood in the Netherlands East India, and the life of Java is in many of his books. Throughout his life he kept going back to that island possession, and he had returned from a visit to the scenes of his boyhood not a month before his death. And this youth spent in the East had a tremendous effect on Couperus. His books are full of echoes of his life in Java. The book perhaps best known to English and American readers, "Old People and the Things That Pass," reeks with memories of the Netherlands East India. It was there, sixty years ago, when the story opens, that the ancient tragedy occurred which has cast its pall over the old, old man and the old, old woman, both long past ninety, but once lusty with youth and athrill with passion, over their children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren. That night of passion and murder and horror sixty years ago in Java is still a menacing though only half-recognized presence in the multitudinous families of the clan in the gray Netherlands at the time of the story's action.

Couperus is never a mere local colorist. Characters from Java are never introduced for their own sake, to display how much the author knows about that country and its inhabitants. There are some strange foreign words, but usually they are the words that would be naturally employed by a native Netherlander who has spent many years in Java; they help to create an atmosphere, and one feels that they come almost unconsciously to Couperus's own tongue in recalling the scenes of his boyhood stay in Java. And always there is a suggestion of a subtle interaction between the East and the West—the sunshine of Java, with its passion and its color and its vivid sense of life, reacting on the gray skies of the Netherlands and on the subdued *tempo* of the life of its people. The scene of a story is never laid in Java, but Java is often present in the narrative in the form of a returned daughter or son who has been in the Government service or in business in East India. And these characters bring the East with them into the precise Dutch homes. The Dutch in Couperus's stories are extremely clannish, almost to the point of regarding the family as a patriarchal institution,

[1] Small Souls. The Later Life. The Twilight of the Souls. Dr. Adriaan. Old People and the Things that Pass. Ecstasy. The Tour. The Inevitable. Majesty. The Hidden Force. Each $2, net. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

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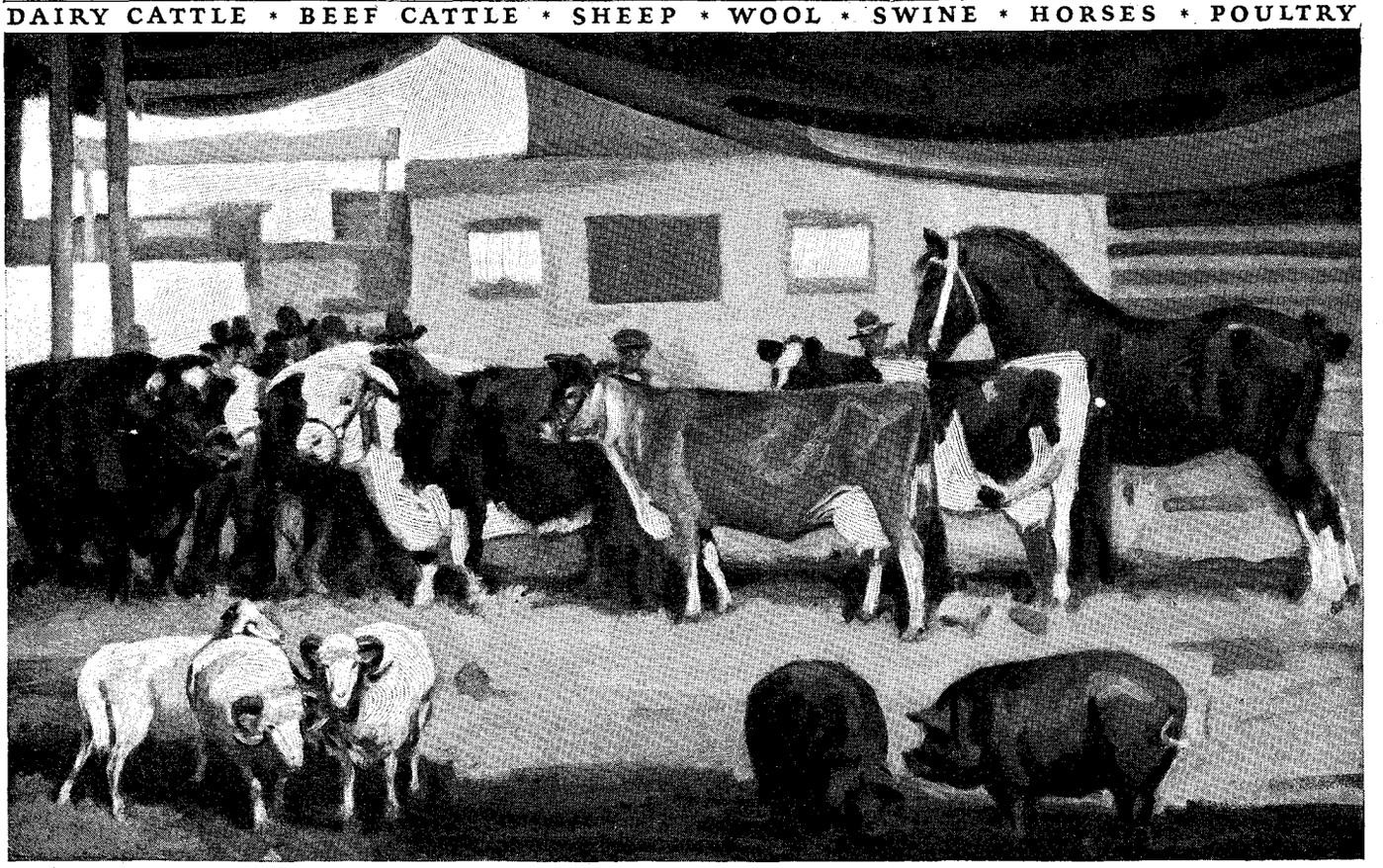
DAIRY CATTLE * BEEF CATTLE * SHEEP * WOOL * SWINE * HORSES * POULTRY



THE HOME OF THE PUREBRED

PLAINS where ranged vast herds of shaggy buffalo. Mountain valleys where the wild sheep grazed. Forest glades where deer found pasturage. Such—scarce more than a lifetime back—was the Pacific Northwest!

Rich pastures, clear streams and a kindly climate made this region ever a Land of Plenty for Nature's creatures.

Today the same natural advantages have made it a dairy land and livestock land supreme. Within a few short decades it has swept ahead to world pre-eminence.

* * *

Conditions, indeed almost ideal, favor the stockman and diaryman in the Pacific Northwest—climate, elevation, water, minerals and a wonderful abundance and variety of foods for all seasons of the year.

In the livestock industry these factors have contributed greatly to an exceptionally sturdy, high-producing stock and to a progress in purebred development that has made the region famous.

In dairying the same favorable conditions have put the industry on a plane second to none. The cows of this dairy land lead the world in average production.

It is significant that America's largest livestock show is now the Pacific International Livestock Exposition, held every year at Portland, Ore., exhibiting the stock of Montana, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming; also of several other states and British Columbia.

* * *

Opportunities for stock raising are many and varied. They include specialization in beef cattle on large ranges; the breeding of purebred stock; the raising of stock in connection with diversified farming. They are found in the raising of beef, sheep, swine, horses, poultry.

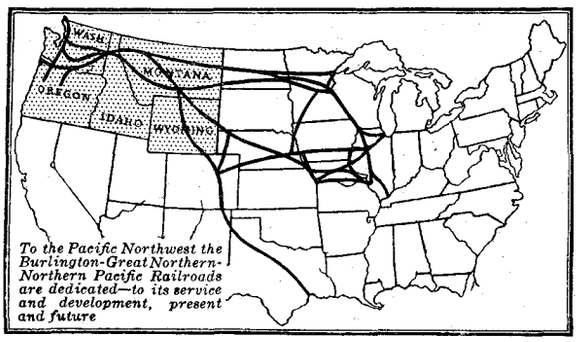
As for dairying—no other region in the United States, it may be confidently stated, offers such rich opportunities. From Montana and Wyoming to the coast, the call and the opportunity is for more farmers to keep small herds, more farmers to specialize in dairying, more farmers to raise purebred stock.

Local and outside markets are growing. An effective, successful machinery for marketing, manufacture, and distribution is well established. Land of all kinds suitabl for dairying and all kinds of stock raising—improved and unimproved, irrigated and unirrigated—is plentiful.

If you are engaged in, or wish to engage in, dairying or any type of stock raising, *investigate the Pacific Northwest.* Visit it if possible. Let us put you in touch with reliable sources of information.

Write for interesting book
"The Land of Better Farms"

Address: P. S. Eustis, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., Chicago, Ill.; A. B. Smith, Passenger Traffic Manager, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.; A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.



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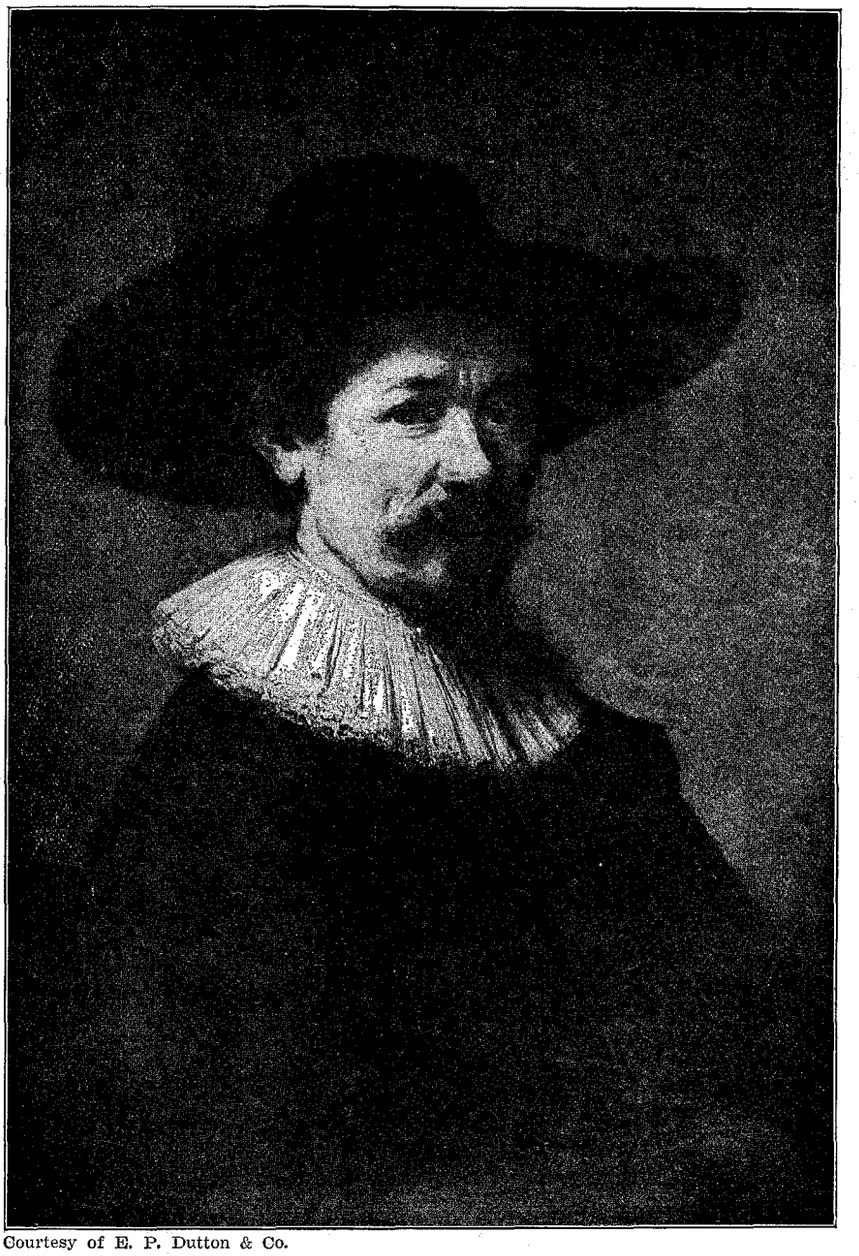
and the disorganizing effect of these near alien members who have lived under another civilization in many cases makes the story.

But it is as a delineator of "small souls" that Couperus won his fame in the Netherlands; and such an audience as he has won in America and England also seems to have been attracted to him largely because of that extremely expressive phrase. It has the force of a trade-mark. It is something that sets Couperus off and that gives him distinction in the mind of the reader.

A great many of the Couperus books deal with "small souls," and the phrase occurs again and again even in those novels that are not included in the group that goes definitely under the title of "The Books of the Small Souls." This group includes four novels that constitute one novel. I can think of no better other example of several novels in one than Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga;" that is made up of three novels and two short stories, each one of them a distinct work of art in itself, yet all of them fusing into one narrative and constituting an artistic entity. The four books of the "small souls" group—"Small Souls," "The Later Life," "The Twilight of the Souls," and "Dr. Adriaan"—are four separate stories and yet the four together are one story. One book is not merely the sequel of the other; they are not artificially joined together in the manner of the usual sequel, which is merely an afterthought. They are fused into a complete picture, and the reader gets the impression that the whole picture in its essentials was in the writer's mind all the time.

Louis Couperus of course had no copyright on the idea of delineating small souls. Rather he was quite in the fashion and did what numerous other writers are trying to do. Perhaps he alone hit on the happy idea of calling the people he described "small souls," but he was not alone in probing into the hearts and minds of persons who live on the lower spiritual levels. Some very good work has been done in this field in several languages, even some very great work, but Couperus's work does not suffer in comparison with that of some of the others. Women scheming for the advancement of their husbands, mothers using feminine trickery to increase the prospects of their children, girls marrying money, young married women submitting to the kisses of lecherous old uncles because of the money that may be left them, neurotic artists losing touch with real life amid the futile art objects they have collected, grandmothers exacting a tribute of respect and filial loyalty through the money power at their command—these are a few of the typical small souls that fill the pages of Couperus.



Courtesy of E. P. Dutton & Co.

HERMAN DOOMER ("THE GILDER")

This famous painting (which is included among the fifty "Pictures by the Master" in Van Dyke's recent book "Rembrandt and His School") is in the gallery of Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, of New York City

Almost always there is the money *motif* somewhere in the background or in the open, together with an overmastering sense of family. There are almost never any great individual characters. In all the books of Couperus I have read I do not recall a single "hero" or "heroine" in the usual sense of those words. A "hero" or "heroine" would be an anomaly in a "book of small souls." Sharply individualized though the people in the books are, they are nothing without their background. Within the family they are separate, scheming, quarreling, loving, hating human beings; but they have this life only within the family. Their souls are not big enough to go out on soul adventures of their own. A person who did that in a Couperus book would be a discord in the total effect. Probably the nearest that any one comes to being a "hero" in "The Books of the Small Souls" is Dr. Adriaan, and Couperus supplies him with an uncongenial wife and a fund of indecision in his nature that gives the impression subtly but surely that the taint of the small soul is upon him also.

Whether the small souls can evolve into great souls Couperus does not presume to decide, remembering perhaps that the whole social structure plays a part in the making or unmaking of men and women and refusing to indulge in romantic illusions for the sake of pointing a moral or adorning a tale. Couperus seems to say that he is not a legislator who is engaged in shaping laws that will help small souls to grow bigger, nor a teacher or preacher helping the individual small soul to grow, nor a sociologist bent on reorganizing society with this same end in view. He seems to say that he is an artist painting a faithful picture of the small souls as they are, and if this should help the small souls to see themselves

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as they are and should give them grace to grow in size, that is entirely a by-product, and whether it follows or not does not affect the picture itself in the least.

Although Couperus is dead, it is possible that for the American reader he has only just begun to live. He was a prolific writer and he has almost as many books to his credit as Balzac, but only eight or nine of them have so far been translated into English, or at least published in English. And one or two of those that have been translated are not by any means among Couperus's happiest efforts. "The Inevitable," for instance, gives only a pale reflection of the great Hollander's real powers.

So perhaps we may look forward to a long list of works from the pen of Couperus that will now have the effect for American readers of new books. All of them ought to be made available for those who read English, because Couperus was a literary artist who is naturally, in his own right as an authentic writer, the possession of all the world. And if it happens that his books are issued at reasonable intervals for a number of years to come he will be enjoying a curious extension of life such as is granted to few persons. For his literary life was the essential one rather than his personal life, except of course in so far as personal life and literary life cannot be separated; and his literary life is likely to go on, extensions of time being added to his existence as each book appears in translation.

There is one obstacle to this happy reparation for what amounts to a tragedy in Dutch and world literature because of Couperus's death, and that is the death of Couperus's translator, Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, only a few months before Couperus laid down his pen. If de Mattos were alive today, there would be no question about securing the other Couperus books for the English and American public. But both Couperus and de Mattos died within a year, and who will continue that translator's work so skillfully that the translated books will have the effect of original works? For to give a clumsy translation of a first-class artist like Couperus would be almost worse than to leave him untranslated.

Within the borders of his own country Couperus has enjoyed recognition for many years. As long ago as 1896 he was decorated with the order of Orange Nassau, and he has enjoyed a vogue in Dutch literary circles that makes it seem extraordinary in the retrospect that he did not win the English-speaking world earlier than he did. But before his death he won recognition in both England and America. In 1921 he visited London and was entertained at dinner at the House of Commons. Shortly before his death, on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday anniversary, Queen Wilhelmina decorated him with the order of the Netherlands Lion. And only a few weeks before his death the literary world of Holland presented him with a country home in token of the nation's gratitude for his work that had brought distinction to that little country's literature.

But all this has made much less of a stir in America than might have been expected—so little of a stir that great newspapers could dismiss the report of his death in three lines of type. I have faith enough in American taste to believe that Couperus will become a national possession of this country, that America is sufficiently international-minded so that it will welcome a great novelist even though he wrote in the language of one of the world's smaller countries. If not, then the reproach of belonging among the "small souls" of this world can reasonably be charged against us.

THE NEW BOOKS

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

REMBRANDT'S PAINTINGS. With an Essay on His Life and Work. By D. S. Meldrum. With 541 illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $25.

This is both a Life of Rembrandt and a critique of his art, and as such will be of absorbing interest to the admirers of the great Dutch genius. It brings into vivid relief the background that shapes Rembrandt's life, the family associations that influenced it (with the suggestion that there is no more likely genesis of Rembrandt's chiaroscuro than in pondering amid the mysterious shadows of the shafted structure of his father's mill), and the triumphs of his career as contrasted with its pathetic close. The recent controversy as to the genuineness of many of the paintings ascribed to Rembrandt is not taken up, and the vast number of pictures reproduced (over five hundred in all) includes many whose authenticity has been called in question. But as a whole the illustrative portion of the volume provides a representative gallery of the paintings of Rembrandt and his school scarcely to be found elsewhere. Thus, within moderate compass, the reader has before him, for leisurely examination and study, treasures of art which would involve thousands of miles of travel to see in the original. The text and the illustration of this fine book will vie with each other in interest to art lovers. We reproduce on the preceding page one of the book's pictures, the authenticity of which as a work of the master is acknowledged.

FICTION

MARCHING ON. By Ray Strachey. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

A tale of the early American days of woman's first fight for education,

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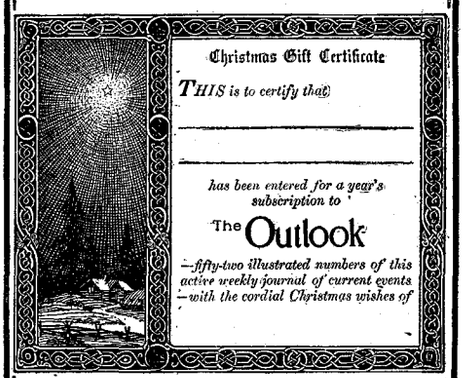
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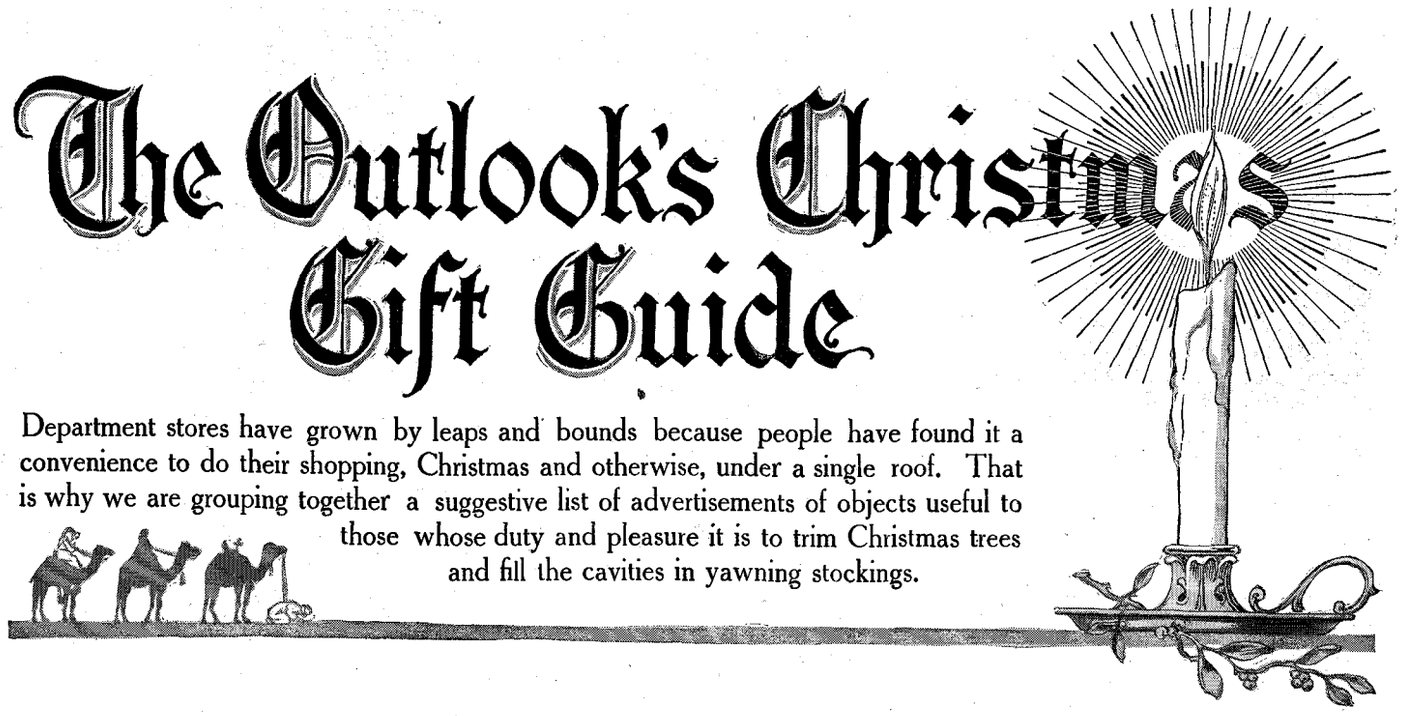
The Outlook's Christmas Gift Guide



Department stores have grown by leaps and bounds because people have found it a convenience to do their shopping, Christmas and otherwise, under a single roof. That is why we are grouping together a suggestive list of advertisements of objects useful to those whose duty and pleasure it is to trim Christmas trees and fill the cavities in yawning stockings.

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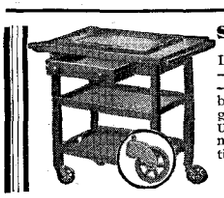

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THE BOOK TABLE *(Continued)*

political recognition, and a part in public service. Susan, the pioneer girl struggling she knows not whither, becomes involved in the abolition movement, and the latter part of the book is devoted to dramatic scenes of the Free Soil fight in Kansas and to John Brown's efforts there and at Harper's Ferry. The author has studied the character and acts of the fierce old fighter, God's instrument, as he fully believed, and makes no attempt to soften the semi-insanity of his fanaticism.

LABYRINTH. By Helen R. Hull. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Many readers will remember Miss Hull's story called "Quest." It has to do with the theme which has attracted so much interest in Mr. Norris's "Brass" and in Mr. Hutchinson's "This Freedom," namely, the struggle in a woman's mind between ambition to do something outside the home and the pull of the home life itself. In this case one fails to see why the wife should risk her home happiness. She is not a domestic slave, for she has help in the house. Yet she has an urge to be and do something outside the home. Why? Not for money, nor because she has a passion for science or music or business in itself, nor for any feeling of altruism or great desire to be helpful. The desire really isn't reasonable, but is an expression of an extra-modern feeling that home is all right, but is too narrow for a woman of ability.

SCIENCE

ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY (THE). By Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $9.

This is a new edition of a book long recognized as the standard popular British work on natural history. It is comprehensive, but American readers may naturally wish to supplement it by Mr. W. T. Hornaday's "American Natural History," far the most readable book on the subject ever published. Furnished with both the Wood and the Hornaday works, a student or lover of animal life is thoroughly well equipped. The present edition of the Wood book has abundant illustration through engravings and colored plates.

POETRY

ELLEN PRIOR. By Alice Brown. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

In this story of life and death, of love and tragedy, on a New England farm, composed in rhymed verse, the author has done some excellent writing, not altogether to the purpose. The treatment is idyllic and ideal, but the intended effect is realism—with the result that the poem as a whole is neither the one thing nor the other. The reader fails to realize the characters, either as ideal personages or as suffering humanity, and the tale fails to succeed either as idyl or as a realistic chapter out of tortured life. The poem contains some beautiful lyric passages of a high, even ecstatic, poetic intensity, where the passion is remote and ideal. These are instances of fine accomplishment, to be sure; but their very success interferes with the realization of the story as a human chapter and of the characters as human beings.

LITTLE HOUSES. By Amelia Josephine Burr. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.75.

This is a collection of lyrics almost totally devoid of distinction in thought, feeling, and treatment. In all these particulars it is the obvious and commonplace that the author offers. Persistent sentimentality robs the poems of dignity. The title poem

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THE BOOK TABLE (*Continued*)

relates a visit of the writer to the scene of a former home, the property around which is now broken up into lots for "little houses." The sentiment of chastened and resigned delight that "out of our broken rapture has been made a host of happinesses" is typical of the quality of feeling in the book as a whole.

EDUCATIONAL

MOTION PICTURES IN EDUCATION. By Don Carlos Ellis and Laura Thornborough. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.50.

The book is inclusive, quite impartial, and highly commendable. Enthusiasts for visual instruction, the authors give the pros and cons of the different arguments concerning motion pictures in education, but leave the reader thoroughly convinced of the importance and unlimited possibilities of this vast field. To the layman they show the present status of visual education in the schools and colleges and give a vision of what the motion pictures, which are probably the greatest social factor in the country, can become when the cultural and educational forces adopt them as instruments of instruction instead of scorning them. The book is primarily, as the authors call it, "a practical handbook for users of visual aids," for it takes up the advantages and methods of employing motion pictures, films that are available for instruction, and the installation and operation of equipment. School principals, teachers, ministers, and club secretaries who are considering the introduction of motion pictures could not do better than to read the book as their first step. It may well be consulted by those already employing motion pictures, for nearly every chapter is replete with useful suggestions, and the list of film exchanges and commercial firms supplying film and equipment given in the appendix will furnish new contacts for all those except the exhaustively informed.

One criticism may be made. In his examples and illustrations Mr. Ellis has drawn naturally from film with which he is best acquainted, so that the firm with which he is connected, the National Non-Theatrical Motion Pictures, Inc., assumes a prominence which from its present position and its part in the development of educational pictures is not due it.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

HORATIO'S STORY. By Gordon King. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

JORDANS (THE). By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

MAD RANI (THE). By Philip Ashby. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

MARTHA. By Ethel E. Mannin. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

PATUFFIA. By Beatrice Harraden. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.

PREFACE TO LIFE (A). By Edwin Justus Mayer. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

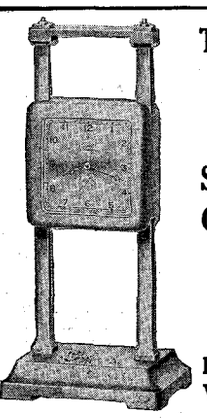
THE SPIRIT OF THE GARDEN. By Martha Brooks Hutcheson. Illustrated. Atlantic Monthly Press.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

MORE TWICE BORN MEN. By Harold Begbie. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

EDUCATIONAL

THE CHALLENGE OF YOUTH. By Alfred E. Stearns. W. A. Wilde Co., Boston, Mass.



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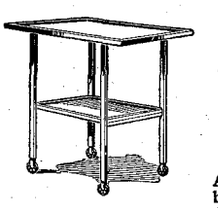

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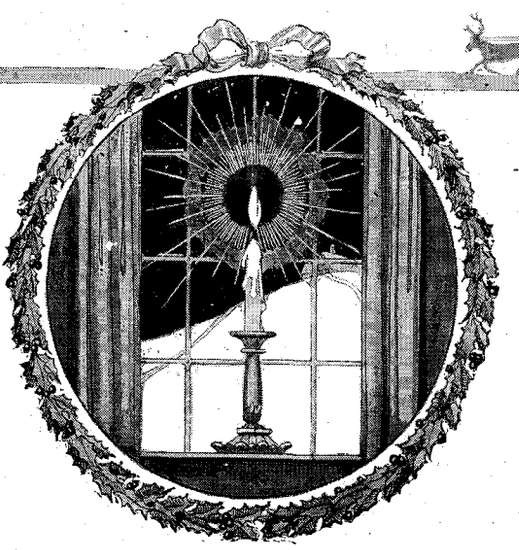

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

"SELLING" CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING TO THE AMERICAN BANKER

BY JOHN BALLARD

AN Arkansas member (Mr. McCain) has the floor and is telling the American Bankers Association the story of a one-bale cotton planter:

I will tell you an instance of what converted us in Arkansas to the cotton co-operative association. It won't take but a minute. They were trying to get up one. Some of us in Little Rock were very lukewarm. We had talked it over, and felt that we should remain neutral and wait for developments rather than give it our moral and financial support. One afternoon about 4:30 the cashier of our bank came to me and said: "We have a customer here who owes the bank fifty dollars, and he brought a bale of cotton into town this morning at eight o'clock. He has been here all day, and the best offer that he has been able to get on that bale of cotton is six cents a pound." Cotton at that time was not in particular demand—it was along in July—but cotton was selling at eight and nine cents a pound when you could find a buyer.

I said to him, "What is the matter with the cotton?"

He said: "I don't think there is anything the matter with it. He has gone out to see if he can't get hold of a man to

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indorse his note so he won't have to sell this bale."

"I said, "Go up and get him."

The fellow came down, and I said, "Have you tried to sell that cotton all over town?"

He said, "I have been to every buyer on the street in Little Rock to-day with that bale."

I said, "What is wrong with it?"

He said, "There is not a thing wrong with it."

"Won't you get me a sample?"

He went down and brought it, and, while I am not an expert in grading cotton, I could see that it was white cotton, it was ginned properly. I said to our cashier, "Go over to one of our customers and see what he will give this man for his bale of cotton." He went over to see him.

Our cashier said, "Mr. West, here is one of our customers who has a bale of cotton we want you to buy."

The dealer took the sample, and said, "What do you want for it?"

"Just an honest price that you can make some money out of."

You know how a buyer takes the cotton and pulls it and judges. He looked up and said, "I will give you fourteen cents a pound for it."

This man couldn't believe it. The buyer said, "You will have to haul it to the compress, which is only nine or ten blocks down."

He said, "I will haul it anywhere."

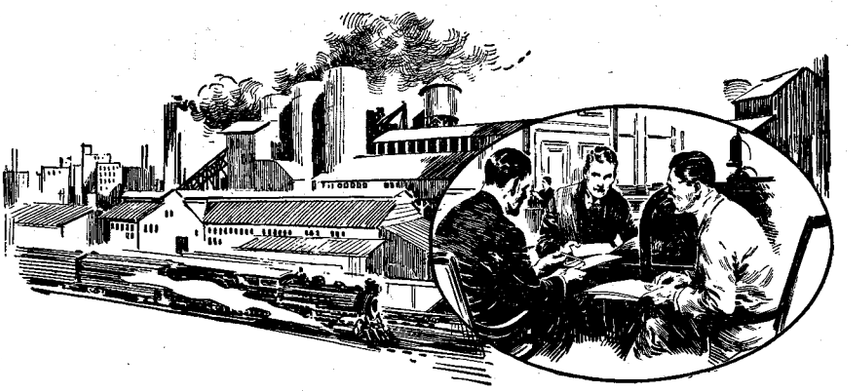
That was the difference between that man getting thirty dollars for his bale of cotton and still owing twenty dollars on his note, and getting seventy dollars and being able to pay his note and have twenty dollars left.

He got seventy dollars for the bale of cotton. I saw Mr. West the next day, and I said, "Mr. West, did you do us any particular favor in buying that bale of cotton?"

He said: "I will tell you. I hate to tell you this, but that is one of the best bales of cotton that I have bought this year. That was inch and an eighth strict middling white cotton. I have been trying to fill an order that I have had for some time for one hundred bales of that cotton. I completed it this morning, and I am shipping out that one hundred bales of cotton, of which this bale is one, through your bank this afternoon, at thirty-two cents a pound."

I immediately called a meeting of the Clearing-House and I said: "Gentlemen, I am sold on the Co-operative Marketing Association. Whenever a farmer can walk into Little Rock and offer for sale to all the cotton firms in this town a bale of cotton and not know what he has, not know the grade and staple of his cotton, and be offered six cents for it and afterwards get fourteen, and the same day have that cotton shipped out of this town at thirty-two cents a pound, that is a question that every banker in Little Rock and every banker in the State of Arkansas ought to be interested in, because we ought to have him getting all the money he can get from that bale of cotton."

We told them then that we would



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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(*Continued*)

furnish them whatever money they needed and would make only one requirement of them, and that was that they should have a good business administration, and on their first election of directors should submit to us the names, so that we could counsel with them.

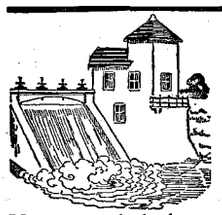
This is a narrative which points its own moral and tells quite as effectively as expert market surveys or massive statistics why the American Bankers Association has in 1923 placed its powerful organization squarely in line with the farmers who are working to establish the orderly marketing of agricultural products. The most significant aspect of the National meeting of bankers held in Atlantic City during the last week of September was the marked change of attitude in respect to the co-operative movement.

The story of the Arkansas planter and his single bale of cotton, transcribed from the stenographic record of the session, was told to the State Bank Division of the Association by C. S. McCain, Vice-President of the Bankers' Trust Company of Little Rock. The Association as a whole, like Mr. McCain, is "sold on the Co-operative Marketing Association." Opinion on the subject has rapidly consolidated during the past year and found expression in the Atlantic City meeting. This does not mean that all bankers hail the plan with enthusiasm. Some, and they are in the main country bankers, still view it narrowly and remain as lukewarm as Mr. McCain and his associates were before they had a vivid object-lesson. Nevertheless there was manifest in the Atlantic City meeting an overwhelming sentiment in favor of helping properly organized co-operatives to achieve their aims. The bankers who remain skeptical should not too hastily be set down as wholly selfish obstructionists. The rural financier is a hard-boiled conservative, and, if an elderly man, has seen the rise and decline of so many projects heralded as sure cures for agriculture that he is waiting to be shown.

The big fact is that orderly marketing is now to have its trial with the backing of the strongest financial body in America. Already the work of giving effect to banker participation in the movement is well under way, with the State Bank Division of the Association in charge. Direct dealings with the co-operatives are through the Agricultural Commission of the American Bankers Association, which has for its director Professor D. H. Otis, late Assistant Dean of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture. There is also an Advisory Council, composed of President William M. Jardine, of the Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kansas; Dean Dodson, of the College of Agriculture, University of Louisiana, Baton Rouge; and Dean Harry L. Russell, of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture.

It is with mixed feelings that some of the granger pioneers in co-operation regard the new turn of affairs which places the formidable machinery of the American Bankers Association at the service of a movement which not many years ago was led by men who were called radicals. There will be some to suspect that the lion is about to take the lamb into partnership on terms that will not change their respective characteristics. Nevertheless the bankers have engaged in this enterprise with every mark of sincerity; besides which there is further and perhaps more convincing evidence of good faith in the existence of a strong and plainly defined business motive. The co-operative marketing association has suddenly appeared on the banking horizon as a dependable and profitable customer.

The War Finance Corporation, functioning under the Agricultural Credits Act of 1921, opened the eyes of bankers who had been reluctant to place faith in any method of financing the production and movement of crops except by means of loans to individual borrowers. That agency of the Government, revived as an emergency instrument, made in 1921 advances aggregating $175,000,000 to co-operative marketing associations and also made 750 loans, amounting in all to $72,000,000, to live-stock loan companies. The funds supplied by the War Finance Corporation to combinations of producers exceeded by nearly $70,000,000 the aggregate of loans obtained through the same channel by 4,400 banking institutions in the agricultural sections of the country. The larger loans were made to strong associations, like those of the cotton growers, and the success with which they were liquidated was but one of the impressive phases of this emergency financing. Pledging the cotton in lots of 100,000 to 300,000 bales, the associations were able quickly to relieve the distress of thousands of member planters. The entire South felt almost immediately the beneficial effects of these operations, and nowhere were the results more apparent than in the banks. Largely psychological at first—the first fruits of a rebound from pessimism—the initial dealings of the War Finance Corporation with the cotton co-operatives were soon followed by improvement of a more substantial kind, as loans were liquidated, deposits began to mount, and a healthy circulation that still stirs the commercial arteries of the South set in. If from a banking standpoint the farmer in big business immediately qualified as a borrower worth cultivating, the outcome was no less satisfactory to the men on the farms. Carl Williams, of Oklahoma, President of the Ameri



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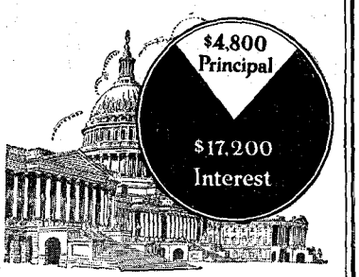
FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(*Continued*)

can Cotton Growers' Exchange, told the American Bankers Association that every member who marketed his crop in 1922 through a cotton association received at least $20 per bale more than the non-member was paid for cotton of the same grade and quality.

This is one of the developments, not all of which have been confined to the South, by any means, which account for the fact that the co-operative movement is now being given such banking support as no one a few years ago would have ventured to predict. The note of caution is not wanting. In a resolution adopted by the State Bank Division at the Atlantic City meeting the bankers declare their "faith in the orderly marketing of crops and the efficacy of the co-operative marketing idea; provided, however, that organizations employing this idea are conducted on sound economic principles." The Public Service Committee of the bankers also thought it prudent to warn the farmers that "the greatest danger which co-operative associations have to avoid is the temptation to hold commodities for speculative purposes, and to attempt to unduly increase the price by artificially withholding the products from the market when actually needed, instead of disposing of them in an orderly way as the demand for them justifies." If bank advice is followed, the marketing associations will retain out of each year's operations a certain percentage of their receipts to be set aside as a surplus or reserve fund, a plan already followed in some cases. For example, the Staple Cotton Growers' Association of Mississippi has in each of three successive years set aside approximately $400,000, so that it now has what amounts to a capital of nearly $1,200,000. Obviously marketing associations able to create such reserves and to keep on adding to them would not merely establish a first-rate basis of bank credit, but would conceivably take on a character quite different from that of a simple selling organization without capital stock, and become powerful syndicates.

At all events, if co-operative marketing fails to solve the American farmer's problem, it will not be for want of money. How the infant prodigy will perform when vitalized by such nourishment as the associated banks are able to impart remains to be seen. If the control of all staple commodities should swiftly pass into the hands of marketing associations, perhaps we shall see a sudden flaming up of interest in the consumer's co-operative, which, as one of the spokesmen for the farmers remarks, "is a cat of quite another color."



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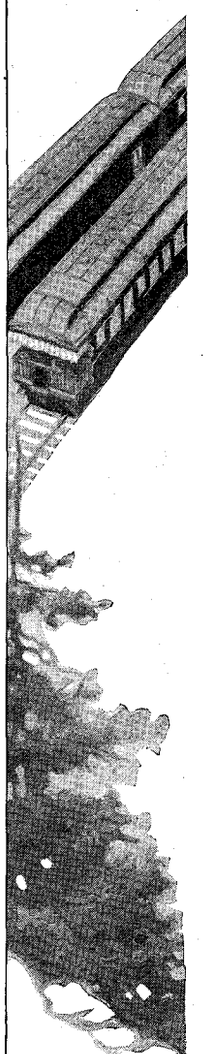

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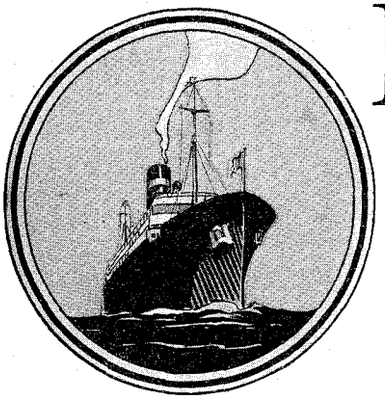

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BY THE WAY

THE Muscle Shoals controversy, which so far as this column is concerned relates only to the spelling of the name, receives new light from a Southern subscriber who says: "I venture to inform you that the noted shoals do not take their name from the humble shellfish. Years ago I was told by a gentleman of the highest intelligence, who had been born and reared in the vicinity of that natural obstruction, that it acquired its appellation from the unusual application of muscle required to propel the flatboats of the early day up the rapids formed by the shoals."

Another subscriber attributes a certain prophetic power to the originator of the spelling "Muscle Shoals." He writes: "It was foresight rather than ignorance that inspired the spelling 'Muscle Shoals.' No doubt the name arose from the shellfish found there. But by the time it came to be written or printed, these shellfish were so insignificant compared with the water power that the writer ignored the former, his mind dwelling on the power which in these latter days is largely supplanting the *muscular* energy of man and beast. With this thought it was natural that he should write 'Muscle' instead of 'Mussel.'" Perhaps!

From the "Argonaut:"

Here is a Turkish story: An angel came upon a Christian, a Jew, and an Armenian (the classification is Turkish), and offered each a boon. The Christian asked for power, and received it. The Jew asked for money, and received it. The Armenian said: "All I ask for is a little information: which one has the money?"

To meet the emergency of bites of poisonous reptiles the people of the United States are now entirely dependent upon the courtesy of the Brazilian Government for the proper serums, according to Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, the Curator of Reptiles of the New York Zoological Park. The need for such serums is aptly illustrated by Dr. Ditmars in the following passage in an article in the "Zoological Society Bulletin:"

"Our first contact with the Institute of Serum Therapy [of the city of Butantan, Sao Paulo, Brazil] was through Dr. Vital Brazil, then in charge of serum production. Dr. Brazil very opportunely arrived in New York for a visit on the day that our Headkeeper Toomey was bitten by a large rattlesnake. When Mr. Toomey had reached a very critical condition we heard of Dr. Brazil's arrival. Fortunately he had brought with him some tubes of his rattlesnake serum. A limited injection of his product produced astonishing results. A decrease of the great swelling, fever, discoloration, and partial collapse, and Mr. Toomey's life was saved."

The swans that make their home in the moat surrounding the Bishop's Palace, at Wells, England, ring a bell when they want a meal. A photograph in "Country Life" shows a swan thus calling for his dinner by pulling a rope attached to the bell. The Bishop's swans have been doing this for over a hundred years. It took two years to teach the first swan to do the trick, but thereafter the knowledge was passed down from generation to generation. The ducks that share these waters with the swans are said to come to the window (just above the bell) whence the food is thrown to the swans, to pick up the crumbs that fall from the royal birds' table, but the ducks have never grasped the idea of ringing the bell themselves.

From the "Country Gentleman:"

Old Sam was the only Baptist in his neighborhood, but he was a stanch defender of his creed and overwhelmed many a dark-skinned opponent in heated religious debates. He would argue thus:

"You kin read, can't you, cullud pusson?"

"Yes."

"Well, I s'pose you is read de Bible, hain't you?"

"Yes, course I has."

"You is read 'bout John de Baptis', hain't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you never read 'bout no John de Mefodis', did you?"

The ordinary Parisian would not "be seen dead" in a one-horse cab, an English writer says, but the experienced tourist has learned that to hire one of the few remaining cabs of this sort by the hour is the most satisfactory way to see Paris. "Take the cabby into your confidence," he says, "tell him exactly what you want, and leave the rest to him. Having piled yourself and friends into his vehicle at eight in the morning, you will find him perfectly affable at seven at night, when he suggests dressing for the theater. He will have taken you to see all the sights, without fatigue. His advice is sound, for if the motorists know little of the city, the cabby is always an old Parisian, and something of an artist—he feels like a showman with a first-class 'turn,' when taking people around 'his city.'"

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